



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

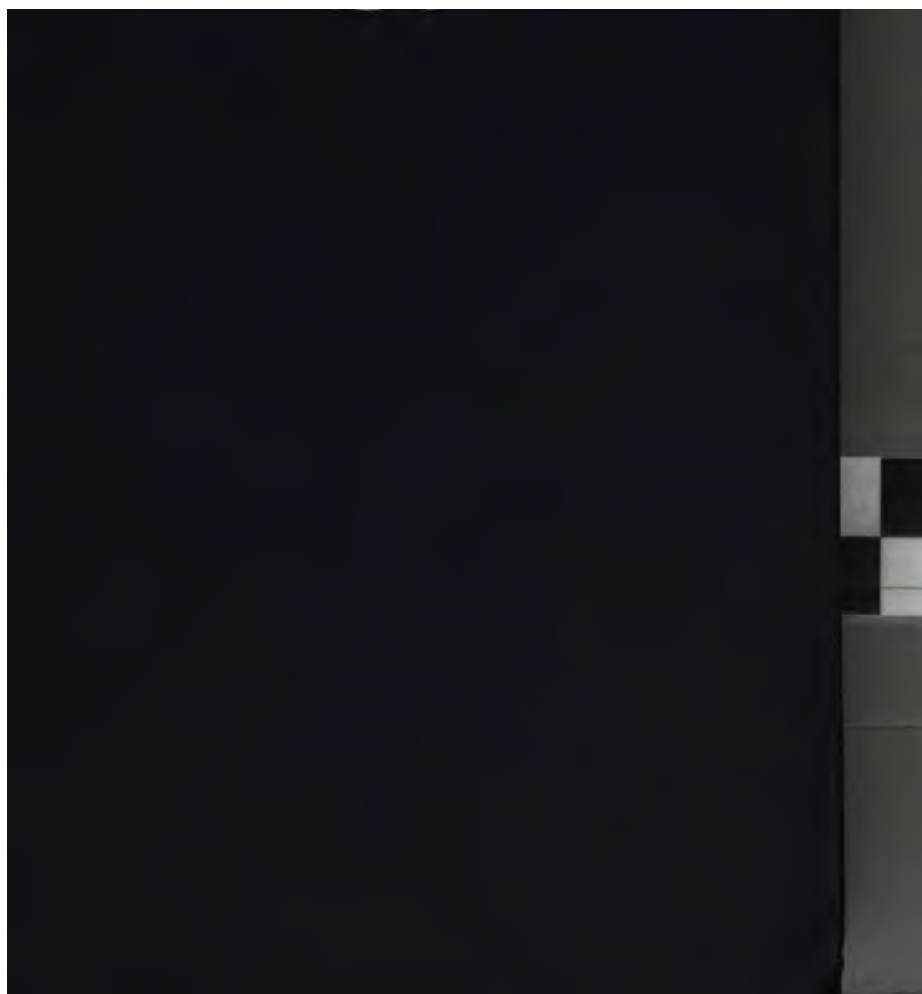
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

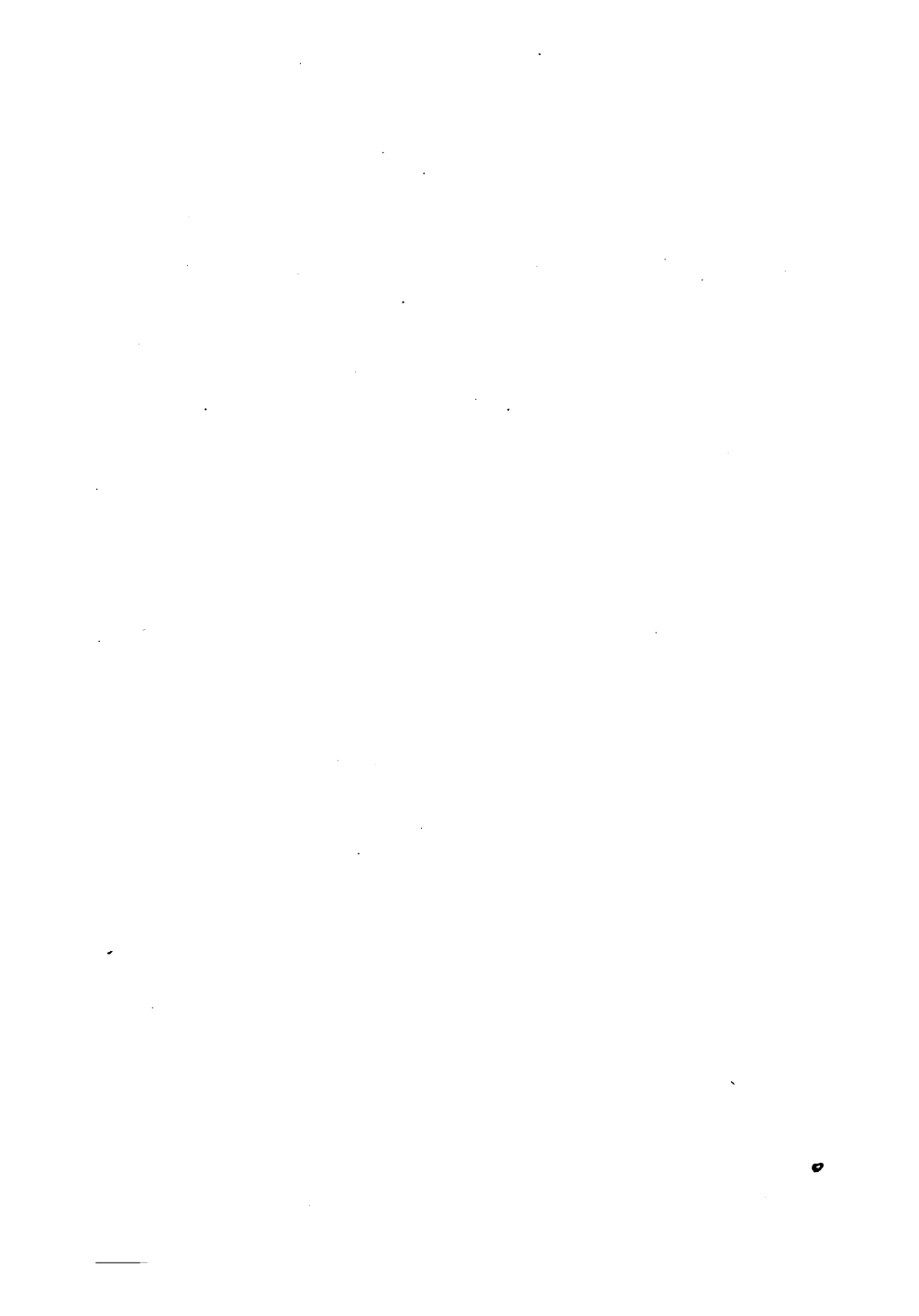
About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



No subject

NCW-
Noba







NOBODY KNOWS.

OR,

FACTS THAT ARE NOT FICTIONS,

IN

THE LIFE OF AN UNKNOWN.

BY

A Nobody.

*Unknown to fame—without a care
For any gift of human praise—
One thought, one aim, o'er all the rest,
The lowest of the race to raise.*

FUNK & WAGNALLS.

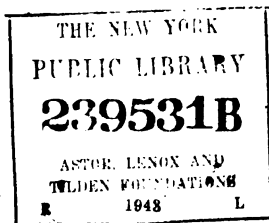
NEW YORK:
18 AND 20 ASTOR PLACE.

1888

LONDON:
44 FLEET STREET.

All Rights Reserved

EN



Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1888, by
FUNK & WAGNALLS,
In the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington, D. C.

To Good Samaritans in Plain Clothes

THESE

ANNALS OF A HUMBLE CONSECRATION TO HUMAN HAPPINESS

ARE

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED.

Wormser 20 May 1943

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
PRELUDE.....	xiii

CHAPTER I.

THE BOY O' THE BARRACK.

Birmingham. — Dragoons. — A Trooper - Aristocrat. — The Barrack Family. — The Crippled Trooper. — A Heroine of the Peninsula. — The Boy Reader.....	17
---	----

CHAPTER II.

THE VILLAGE LAD.

Seething. — Peasantry. — Philanthropy in a Pinafore. — The Lady of Bury. — The Old School-House.....	25
--	----

CHAPTER III.

THE SAMARITAN OF THE SLUMS.

Horwich. — Moral Conditions. — The Gambrinus of Ber Street. — Gentleman Jack. — The Church of the Exiles....	34
--	----

CHAPTER IV.

THE BOLD BOY.

Sobriquets. — The Waterside Parish. — The Yellow Placard. — The Room over the Stable. — Incidents. — The Rural Parish. — Pedestrian Evangels. — Peasants and Pharisees	42
---	----

CHAPTER V.

THE SOLDIER'S FRIEND.

	PAGE
Horwich Barracks.—A Novel Visitor.—Work.—The Old Ranger.—Gunner Kelly.—Trumpeter Macfarlane.—The Indian Relief.....	53

CHAPTER VI.

THE FRIEND O' THE FORECASTLE.

Tramps on the Coast.—Meg and Sandy.—The Home for the Sick Poor.—Dialogue with Devereaux.—Prelude and Parenthesis.—The Latonia.—The Crew.—Passengers.—The Schwartz Translation.—The Stowaway.—The Candle of the Headlands.—The Lost Bird on Shipboard.—Surprising a Turk and Disarming a Greek.—Constantinople.—The Shell with a Mission.—Smyrna.—Cholera-Morbus and Pigtail.—The Broken Shell.—A Nomad of the Deep.—Nothing is Lost.....	62
--	----

CHAPTER VII.

THE BISHOP O' NUMBER TWO.

Crew. — Pilots. — Scroby Sands. — Hutton. — Devereaux. — "My Little Nell."—Study from the Bowsprit.....	III
---	-----

CHAPTER VIII.

THE NEW KIND O' RAILWAY MAN.

Newcastle-on-Tyne. — Stevedore. — The Old Book-Stall.—Morpeth.—The Navvies.—Holchester.—Instructor Turton.—Braid and Plain Cloth.—In the Modern Babylon.—A Voice from the Figgard.....	127
--	-----

CONTENTS.

vii

CHAPTER IX.

THE PICK O' THE STEERAGE.

	PAGE
Emigration.—The Steerage.—A Speck o' Land at Sea.— The Village Hampden.—Castle Garden.—A Saxon Knight and the Celtic Maidens.....	151

CHAPTER X.

THE NEW MAN AT THE BREAKERS.

The Coal-Pit.—The Spring.—Molly Maguires.—Saved by a Spike.—An Ode in Anthracite.....	164
--	-----

CHAPTER XI.

ONE O' PILKEY'S MEN.

Toronto.—Backwoods.—Saw-Mill.—The Broken Finger.— The Shanty Tragedy.—Evangels.—A Talk under Disad- vantages.—Alec Mackenzie.....	173
---	-----

CHAPTER XII.

THE MAN WITH A BAG AND A HAMMOCK.

The Homestead on the Big Blue.—The Prairie Dug-out.— The Sunday Bell.—The Old Chime.—Grasshoppers.— A Gentleman of the Bar.—The Cattle-Driver and the Prairie Flower.—A Pair of Broken Legs.—Zaccheus in an Apple-Tree.—A Buff Envelope.....	189
--	-----

CHAPTER XIII.

THE FREIGHT-HANDLER.

The Freight-House.—Rough Treatment.—A Crushed Foot.— A Fractured Rib.—Mars under a Bag of Coffee.—Oppor- tunities.—Poor Pat.—The Acid on the Gold.....	215
--	-----

CHAPTER XIV.

THE LABORER'S FRIEND.

Labor.—Taskmasters.—The Hungry Roustabout.—Strike of '76.—A Private Crusade.—Retrospect.....	PAGE 232
--	-------------

CHAPTER XV.

THE WHITE BROTHER.

The South.—“Old Pugh.”—The Woodman's Grave.—The Sleeping South.—Crossing the Color Line.—The ex-Slave.—The Deborah of the Brakes.—Aunt Dinah.—Gwine Home.—Preachers of the Old School.—Uncle Dick.....	246
--	-----

CHAPTER XVI.

WHEN LAST HEARD FROM.

Baltimore.—The Old Ferryman.—The Sick Sailor.....	275
---	-----

APPENDIX.

A BUNCH OF KEYS.....	280
----------------------	-----

INTRODUCTORY.

BY WILLIAM E. BARNES, EDITOR "THE LABOR
PROBLEM."

THERE is a Man behind the pages of this unique and instructive history. He is not a fictitious creation, but a substantial fact, wearing thick shoes, eating humble fare, and living by the sweat of his brow. An acquaintance with this comparatively obscure but impressive character is due to the interest the writer has taken in the great industrial problem shadowing the nineteenth century. It has been a great satisfaction to introduce his thoughts and teachings to the thinkers and philanthropists who are bravely grappling with the social and industrial events of modern life. The pen of the Unknown has been a free lance and an olive branch. Wrongs have been met with a courage that had no fear, and a logic that had no mercy.

Without favor or prejudice the truth has been told with a manifest indifference as to whom it might hurt. He has been called "The John the Baptist of the labor movement," preaching repentance to all alike. In this position he has had his peculiar but by no means one-sided influence. The greatest of our living critics, since the death of Whipple, pronounces him "a robust thinker and a master of the written word," and concludes an exhaustive survey of his contributions to sociologic reform by saying: "This representative of the toiling proletariat and Count Leo Tolstoi setting out from the highest plane of Muscovite society have met at last upon the Mount where words of peace in loving-kindness fell from the lips of the Man Jesus." Thus, the Man behind the book has had his place in the story of progress and reform.

Few of the wise men and great in sociologic leadership profiting by his logic and philosophy had or have any conception of the life out of which his teachings are but an evolution and practical indorsement; its career of toil, its school of experience, its unofficial helpfulness, its world-wide ramifications, its indifference to publicity, and its absolute and undeniable contempt of pride and parade. Carlyle has graphically portrayed such

a unification of the peasant and philosopher as bringing modern thought back to Nazareth, and placing it as above all other conditions knowable in human experience. May we not venture to indorse the sage of Chelsea, and believe that the story of the Unknown will help some of us back again to the manful humbleness of Christian charity?

The self-abnegation, Samaritanship, and indomitable spirit of persistent beneficence outlined in "Nobody Knows," associated with the voluntary obscurity of its central figure, must of dead certainty be a rebuke to much of modern official charity, and a stimulus to all human service that is of a type outlined in the following words of our Unknown :

FOR ANOTHER.

Say ! What is life ? If for itself
It runs its round of time,
And from its bells there never rings
For other ears a chime :
No sun a sun, if not a world
Swung in its arc of light,
Nor star a star, if in its hands
No candle of the night.

Say ! What of human love could be
Without its kindred sphere ?
More lives than one are in a smile,
Two sorrows make a tear.
The Architect of happiness
Has built upon the line,
By which, if adding mine to yours,
I make the double mine.

Say ! What of hope for human kind
Its better day to see ?
Forgetful of its broken chains
And olden agony ?
If sepulchred in hearts of stone
The living are the dead,
And selfishness knows not the feast
Of sharing tears and bread.

PRELUDE.

ONLY a boy born. That is all. In Number Six, of the married quarters of F. Troop, First Royal Dragoons. A wonderment of blue eyes and pink flesh. His first pillow a red sleeve, his first star a brass button. Coaxed and petted by sun-tanned troopers, coming in with Ballincollig mud on their stirrups.

A child learning to crow at the clink of scabbards and the bray of bugles. To play with a spur in place of an ivory rattle—to wear a wooden sword, and have a place now and then in the saddle of "Old Bill," whose fetlocks were once red with the blood-mud of Quatre Bras. To be or not to be—perhaps a queen's dragoon—perhaps a preacher—maybe a tailor? Who could tell and who thought that the sergeant's boy would one day flash light out of his blue eyes over camp cots, and his little pink fingers scribble homiletics, that would swim the Indus in cavalry saddles and travel in knapsacks along the Nile?

Did Pharaoh's daughter suspect a Moses in a bunch of plaited bulrushes? Did the old troopers imagine a Samaritan in Number Six? It is not likely. "Can anything good come out of Nazareth?"

We are in love with the old prejudice, lowliness of estate. Place of cradle and the status of kin are still the compasses by which we scratch the circles of the Divine Intent.

We chronicle some incidents in the history of the sergeant's boy, to veto this heresy in the social creed, that limits usefulness and charity to a Pharisee shekel, and disowns the widow's mite.

The Unknowns are hidden forces in history. Examine the roll-call of our heroes and gods in peace and war. Here and there a solitary Jove, in marble or bronze.

Who survives Waterloo? Wellington.

Trafalgar? Nelson.

Emancipation? Lincoln.

Progress? Gladstone.

The rank and file. Where are they?

Who knows the pikemen of Cromwell? and yet it was they and not the Leicestershire Puritan that won at Marston Moor.

Who knows the men who were a red wall be-

tween Paris and Brussels, Napoleon and Empire? Who has heard tell of the village Hampdens that made Gladstone a Premier? Who are the men now rolling the stone from the mouth of the sepulchre, to save a dead Lazarus and reveal a living Christ? Can you find their names in the Peerage, or in big type in the newspapers?

Unknown, as a rule, but none the less the pivot of the planet. We need to think of this when so many are chasing the bubble Fame.

Doing good on the condition of being Gabriel among the angels, Saul among the prophets. We are living under this colored skylight. "Give me glory, or I fail." It is true we are generous, and give the evangel—much. It is just as true that what we hold back is—more. We are a race of contributors and only a section of consecrations.

Self-abnegation, sacrifice, eating crust to give away the cake. Hiding the hand behind the gift, these vital conditions are sadly shrunken in blood and bone. Living "for another." Fulfilling the Nazarene law, one hand ignorant of what the other does, is really what we need, as a "New Revision" of the Testament and Christian life. To help such along, we venture these an-

nals of an Unknown on public attention. Not as an epic—not as an heroic, but as an exception to the Pharisaic procedure ; and more than that, as an encouragement to such as are content, if Nobody knows.

Only a boy born in Number Six. Registered on the roll of a marching regiment, and in the old folio of an English church in Ireland.

None the worse for his Irish birthplace—none the better for his Saxon blood, only so far as its particular strain may be helpful to a life that has the world for a parish and the human race for a brotherhood.

NOBODY KNOWS.

CHAPTER I.

THE BOY O' THE BARRACK.

BIRMINGHAM was busy. The city was full of work. The air was full of smoke. Chimneys vomited soot. Men gorged on pea soup and beer. Victoria had come with Albert the Good at her royal elbow. The fogs had been a sparkle of brass helmets, gold lace, and epaulettes. Bugles and drums had vibrated on red bricks and dirty glass. The people were happy with patriotism and perspiration. They made glass bottles and goblets in atmospheres hotter than known to Bengalese or Kaffirs. They transformed iron ore into sword-blades, musket-tubes, and candlesticks. They ate and drank, paid rent, put their limbs in velveteen and corduroy, and went on Saturday nights to markets, theatres, ninepin alleys, and boxing booths.

The police were in blue, the military in scarlet. The one color was judgment on pickpockets, the other on Chartists. The barracks were enclosed in a wall, with broken bottles on the top bricks. It kept tramps out ; it kept soldiers in. It had stables for horses, big spaces of whitewash for officers, and troop-rooms for men and a limited number of women and babies. There was a guard-room for sentries and culprits, a canteen for drinkers of beer and brandy, a hospital for the sick and the disabled, and a school for the children of Tommy Atkins. Of biographies, here were six hundred in red covers, good and bad, heroic and vile, commonplace and unique. Some with Talavera and Quatre Bras for episodes, and sabre scars for facts. Some with Millbank and Newgate for memories. Lost fortunes—gold plate gone to auction—estates by the ace of spades, and heirdoms by the Shylocks of Lombard Street. Men who swore in Greek, and men who needed a wisp of hay on the left leg to know it from the right. Here is a type.

A TROOPER-ARISTOCRAT.

Tavistock was a gentleman volunteer in the Spanish Legion. It was an inglorious service,



with a tragical episode. Tavistock had a taste for Malaga wine. Seeing a peasant with a skin-bottle on his shoulder, he suspected Malaga. He gave chase. He lost his wind and his temper, and gashed the skin-bag with his sabre. A little cry—a red stream—a horrified peasant—and a baby cut in halves. He never after wanted Malaga, but came home, shot hares and partridges, and one day went to town and enlisted as a private soldier. There was consternation in the ancestral hall, but he preferred a troop-room, sentry duty with a carbine on a red sleeve, and the rollicking sports of dragoons off duty. He came out of the stable straw with a currycomb, to salute his own carriage, and to take the jewelled fingers of the heir-ess that had an interest in the wayward trooper. It was of no avail. Venus in a corset, with eau de Cologne in a crystal vinaigrette, was no match for Mars with a cross-belt and a barrack onion. You may find to-day, if you know where to look, a niche in the tapestry of an old hall, in which hangs the silver shilling which he accepted as the price of enlisting in the Queen's army. Of such is the Kingdom of Mars. Kings in straw and beggars in saddles.

Here in this Birmingham Prætorium, and with

such a motley host of bipeds wearing spurs, our Unknown was a pet in a velvet tunic and white pants. A delicate lad, with a face like new milk and eyes of blue. His father was sergeant. The family on both sides of fighting stock. A grandfather of one branch, carrying a musket on a seventy-four that followed Nelson, and kept her guns in trim for Villeneuve. An uncle had done duty as a royal marine, knew the smell of Napoleon's powder, saved a Pelham off the coast of Egypt, and was consigned in a shotted hammock to a grave in the sea. The grandmother of Huguenot descent. The kind of heroic stuff that faced the musketeers of Louis XIV., and crossed the Channel, after the toll of the St. Bartholomew bell, in smugglers' luggers and Plymouth brigs.

On the other side of the family, two graves in Bengal, where Clive had done his Homeric fighting and Warren Hastings had served his king and the devil.

A mixed stock this, soldier and saint, Bunyan and Hampden. The scion of this pedigree was just four years old when his father was disabled on a field day. A passing horse with stout legs and a frightened rider had fractured his knee. He was taken to the hospital. Leeches and lini-

ments took turns at his joints. They did no good. The leeches died, the doctors swore, day followed day, and the stubborn knee refused to straighten out. The whole body was in harmony with the knee. The arms stiffened from shoulder-blade to wrist, the jaw locked, the man was six foot of nerves, with petrified joints to dissect his suffering. They put a bamboo cane in his fingers, to keep off the hospital flies, and fed him with wine and soup through a glass tube inserted beneath a broken tooth. Life was a rigid, motionless misery, consigned to the sorcery of opiates, the sting of blisters, bed-sores, contractions, and four years of this before it ended in a grave.

The rough troopers were somewhat regretful—though one man's loss is another's promotion. A broken leg for Number Two—a stripe or a shoulder-strap for Number Three. They were kind to the boy, patted him with their gauntlets, put him through his facings, taught him the cuts and parries of sword drill, gave him rides on the back of "Old Billy," a Waterloo horse, and gave him occasionally a handful of marbles, or of raisins from the mess.

The women folk had a place on their laps for his

flaxen head. Mrs. McTavish was crooning whenever his hand caught on her gown. She had seen the rough side of life, and knew the fate of soldiers' orphans.

A HEROINE OF THE PENINSULA.

A campaigner in petticoats. She was with the Iron Duke in Spain. Lost one husband in battle, and found another in the camp. Was at Brussels when the midnight drum summoned a sleeping army to meet fate and a Bonaparte. Rode to Waterloo on a baggage horse, with a dragoon's cloak over her night-dress. Watched the panorama of the bloody day—the red squares in a cloud of aigrettes and sabres—the great cavalry collision, when the cuirassier met the dragoon and showed his spurs to the Inniskilling and Scots Grey—the columns of attack solid and terrible, that broke at last in blue spray when they struck the lines of red rock. She saw the shakos of the Old Guard meet the bear-skins of the grenadier, as the little Corsican made his grand charge, and the blaze of Blucher's guns was visible on the Gallic flank. When all was over, she went among the dead, and in a swathe of red and blue found the man she sought stiff and bloody. Another hus-

band—the third—and some warm bosom left yet for the boy o' the barrack. Strange nurses, but true hearts. Key-notes in the prelude of the Unknown.

When able to read, his place was in the hospital. He wiped the sweat-drops off his father's face, moistened his lips, smoothed his pillow, and read the New Testament in undertone, loud speaking being prohibited. Three years and more of this, with delirium tremens at times in the next ward, and dead men's entrails on the spout of the hospital pump. Sad daybreak for a life. November in April. Yellow leaves in May. No marble-playing, kite-flying, hoop-trundling. A sick-bed, a sanded floor, and a man tied up in knots. The boy was grave before he was well able to laugh. Frost, if you please, on a spring bud: In the end not so. He was only a child spelling hard words in a man's class. He read and re-read, till Olivet was in Birmingham. Christ in a barrack. The sergeant was climbing to heaven over his boy's slim shoulders. He ceased to swear, to growl, or chafe himself on the cold stones of discontent. There was an unsung song in his locked jaw. His dull eyes lit up. The surgeon wondered. It was not in ointment to cure a soul. Salve went no

deeper than the skin. There was sleep in opium, but not contentment. He went on with his drugs and his science—the sergeant with his pains and psalms. One January morning the end came. The next day a grave. By and by a funeral. The sergeant was off the roll-call. Such as knew his patience, his fiery trial, the petrified joints, the bandaged back, the closed jaw, wondered at the how and the why. Such wine in a cracked cup! A round sun on a broken mirror! Was the Boy o' the Barrack a minister? Nobody knows.

CHAPTER II.

THE VILLAGE LAD.

SEETHING was rural. It had cottages of clay and roofs of thatch. Hedgerows marked the turnpike, oaks and elms the lanes. Skylarks rose with the sun, nightingales came with the stars. The meadows were gardens of daisies, buttercups, and daffodils. The fields were green with wheat blades in June, starred with poppies, and bright in August with sickles and scythes. Week days were busy with ploughs and wagons, horse hoofs on the turnpike, and the crack of whips in the fields. Sabbath days were interludes of rest—the chime of three old bells to break the peace. The peasantry wore smocks and hob-nailed shoes, with iron plates at the toes. Dull, stupid, but contented folk, with more beef on their arms than ever went into their bellies. They read no papers and heard no news. The world was in Seething, and Seething was the world. There was but one church. It was old. It had a round tower of

flints, a leaden roof, and a floor of tombstones, under which the dead of knights, squires, and centuries were laid in coffins of lead and stone. Time had stained the yellow walls, and bats hung on the oaken rafters. The windows were set in stone and the diamond-shaped panes in lead. A damp, quaint, and solemn place, where the peasantry went in on wedding-days in velvet coats and knee-breeches, and in the end, as did their forefathers, in flannel shrouds. The graveyard was green with grass. The headstones were quaint and plain. Ploughmen and shepherds were under the daisies. The ancient jackdaw cawed in the belfry. Skylarks slept on the graves, and the bees banqueted in blue-bells and cowslips. A quiet enclosure, only trodden on holy days and Sabbaths.

West of its hedgerow was the village school, a neat structure of clay walls and thatched roof. Back of this a cottage, with a rose over the door, and a garden full of wall-flowers, sweet-williams, and pansies. Here we now find the "Boy o' the Barrack." A healthier and browner-faced lad in this Norfolk sunshine than he was in Birmingham smoke, and able to fill his lungs with the scent of clover, hay, and apple-blossoms. His mother taught school, and he as a monitor commanded a

salary of one penny a week. It was a transposition from the old bugle-calls and the hospital ward to bird songs, and bee hums, and a snug if humble home. The boy with others of his age was given to tree-climbing, bird's-nesting, catching ball, and bathing in horse-ponds, but was never long absent from older people, and such books as were on the cottage shelf. Ossian's poems, Krummacher's "Messiah," John Bunyan, Thomas à Kempis, and some war histories, were the limit of his literature. One may see the imprint of these authors in his letters to-day. Thus it is, the key-note of the life scale is mostly struck before the age of fourteen. A piece of truth not very hopeful to such as are mentally gorging on dime novels and other such syllabubs, till they are old enough to find they are without stamina, truth, or moral backbone. Meat makes the lion, milk the pup.

The village lad developed a reverence for good things, and especially for good men, with a considerable emphasis of care for hunchbacks, cripples, and people generally who were the door-mats and castaways of society. He was ominously democratic. He went so far as to give his only apple to a poacher's boy, and to walk a mile to open a gate for a Ranter. This was profoundly radical.

The Ranter was a social hybrid. Theology, anarchy, and a smock. The yeomanry that repeated Litanies and Te Deums on Sundays and were given to good old British oaths in the six-day intervals had no faith in Hodge, who asked a blessing on a roast apple and sang hymns on a haystack. Christianity with a pitchfork and a spade was revolutionary. Methodism was garlic in those days. Hodge came home on Sunday nights with sore feet, and a rotten egg on his back. Was it a boy or an angel that opened the gate for him in the dark? Nobody knows.

Daybreak saw the lad in the lanes, gathering violets. Sunset saw him in the parks, picking wool from the hawthorns. Autumn, gathering up acorns under the old oaks. The violets and the wool sold to ladies visiting the Rectory—the acorns to farmers fattening hogs. The pennies and sixpences going into the only missionary-box in the village. The Diocesan Secretary was pleased, but mystified. Money from peasantry eating pork but once a year—dumplings and turnips the rest. The how and the why unanswered. Nobody knows.

THE LADY OF BURY.

A woman of rare spirit and gifts. Pen and purse at the service of human good. An Elizabeth Fry, or a Florence Nightingale, if in the same environments. She had a creed—it was narrow. A heart—it was big. Sympathies bubbled like fermenting wine out of a sectarian bottle. She was rigid and conservative in doctrine, but liberal in practice. She discounted preachers in corduroy as out of place, in order and succession, but wrote a biography of a Bengalee who was doing in Bengal what the Wesleys did in Yorkshire. O sectarianism ! tying a string round the skin-bottle, with wine of the same grape in the same skin—one end sweet, the other sour. It is well for man that his heart is bigger than his brain, and what is sealed up and labelled in one place leaks out of the other.

This lady had a liking for the village lad. He was an original. With a rich uncle, the world might have another Martyn. Such, however, could not be, with hob-nail antecedents. It might be wise for the rector to teach the lad Latin ? No one could tell, but it might be of use. Such lads sometimes stepped out of the conventional rut.

It was this lady that bought the wool. They thought it an eccentric act, as she would not sell it, and could not spin. A few months, and she was dying of consumption. All was done that could be to prolong a beautiful life. The air of Tunbridge Wells, Bath, and Clifton was tried, and the saline atmospheres of the Channel Arcadias. It was useless. The golden thread was snapping. They gave her cream and wine. There were roses in classic vases—clematis and jasmine over the windows; but the soul refused to stay on a bed of pansies. One morning it was gone.

“Did you take notice o’ our lady’s liking to that bag o’ wool?” said the old nurse. “It beats all, the comfort she found in that soft thing. I never sees the like on’t in my time. It’s kinder strange, Mary.”

“So it be to me. I wonder where she got it?”
“Dunno. It was comfort to her poor bones. She said something once to the parson about a lad and the hawthorns. How-some-be-it, they had the bag put under her head in the coffin. We’ll never know, p’raps. Nobody knows.”

THE OLD SCHOOL-HOUSE.

The old school-house, friend John ! You can rec-
ollect it well ;
The roof of reed, the yellow wall, the big old-fash-
ioned bell ;
The oaken bench on which we sat, the quaint old
window-pane,
Where glinted in a thousand stars the sunshine
after rain.

The old hedgerow is yet as green, the elm-tree just
as straight ;
And still the patch of buttercups behind the wooden
gate ;
The blackbird whistles in the ash, the swallows
come and go,
And still the gold of summer sun and white of
winter snow.

The little folks bring now, as then, the morning
bunch of May,
And berries red as drops of blood on every Christ-
mas day,

And hand in hand go down to church along the
Mundham Lane,
And, kneeling on the same old bench, repeat our
prayers again.

But lad and lass of olden days, friend John, are
scattered far,
Beneath the light of Southern Cross and 'neath
the Northern star ;
Poor Jack is in a sailor's shroud somewhere off
Haisboro' Light,
A soldier's cloak the winding-sheet of Langley,
Todd and White,

And there are graves now far away, where daisies
always grow,
And spreads the green untrodden turf o'er such as
sleep below ;
And few of us who gathered once from village
green and moor
Will ever meet again, friend John, around the
school-house door.

But you and I are left to watch as others pass
away,
And count the roll of years and graves, now we
are old and gray ;

And when with all the rest we go, still trooping
up the lane
Will come and go the village lads, to tell our tale
again.

CHAPTER III.

THE SAMARITAN OF THE SLUMS.

HORWICH is an old city. Its walls are stones from a Roman camp—flints that once gave sparks to the horse-hoofs of Boadicea. Historic nodules—full of dead centurions and British chiefs. The streets are narrow—some so contracted a cat could spring on a mouse on the other side. It has a castle and a moat. It was where it is now when Canute let the tide wet his toes, and proved to his courtiers that a Channel wave had no respect for a royal chair. A cathedral with memories of Ethelred. A grammar school where Nelson wrestled with verbs before he fought with French admirals. Factories where the exiles of France and Flanders made shawls with bobbins of India silk, and a heath where martyrs gave their bodies to Queen Mary and their souls to God. A quaint and old-fashioned city, with Dutch gables and Flemish windows. Its streets named after saints, and taverns after kings, lions, horses,

and graded cows. Some eighty thousand and more of gentry, artisans, and paupers, driving carriages and wheelbarrows, working looms and sewing-machines, and eating cake or red herring, as it may be, between the Wensum and the Yare. Like the rest of us—good and bad. Going to London or the devil. Not boisterous or turbulent as the Northern folk, but none the less, though in a quieter fashion, vigorous in liberalism or granite-ribbed in conservatism. Eldon gets the upper ten—John Bright the lower thousand. Weavers and shoemakers going one way, to John Wesley—the other way, to Tom Paine. Methodists and sceptics divide the poor. Episcopalians and Nonconformity—the rich, with agnostics and politicians thrown in. The Old and the New, on the crack of the crisis. The poor are many. Poor pay, long hours, and a soup-ticket in winter, the programme of life. They swarm in back streets where the rent is cheap and the roofs leaky. Smoke to swallow and cockroaches to crack. Life not a feather-bed, but such a bed and pillow as was Jacob's, without the ladder, the angels, or the dream. For all of that, outside of gin and fisticuffs, little trouble to magistrates or turnkeys.

Christianity is active. Hallelujahs in garrets,

preachers in corduroy. In this jumble of ancient flints and modern man we find the Unknown. His mother taught school in the suburbs. He wrought ten hours a day in the city. He was up with the lark and returned home with the lamp-lighter, the old instincts still uppermost. The ragged school and the sick tramp were in his line of duties. Wiping froth from drunkards' lips, tears from orphans' eyes. Where dirt, disease, and the devil were in the majority, the lad was there. It might be with soap and a whitewash-brush, an Allcock's plaster or the message of the Man of Nazareth. Conventional methods in his case were useless. He followed his own. Man must be himself to help another. We can best crush a snake with our own shoes. A wet finger is better than a dry sponge to wipe a pothook off a neighbor's slate. It is of more service, in doing good, to be a little man, if we are but five feet true measure, than an ape with a six-foot ambition. Earnestness and originality are the necessary aptitudes in man-saving.

THE GAMBRINUS OF BER STREET.

George Lark was a Gambrinus in a blue jumper. He loved old ale. On pay days he poured thirty-

five pints down his throat. He went home with more malt than money. His wife was a scarecrow, his children birds of the same feather. The dog came round for his vomit—the baker for his money. The one got fat—the other thin. Gambrinus never cared, and nobody cared for Gambrinus. Only one, and he came without a diploma. He borrowed a tin box and a hoe. In the one he put the ale money on Saturdays, and with the other went with Gambrinus to his garden-patch and hoed potatoes. When Gambrinus was thirsty he gave him an orange, and when his cabbages were grown he helped him to carry them home. He was in the onion patch and the pigsty, and read at nights, by the light of a farthing candle, in the Gambrinus hovel. Flesh came on the children's bones, calico on their limbs, the rent was paid, the baker got his money. Soap and blacking were in use. The neighbors wondered. It went along the street, "Who got the right side of Gambrinus?" Nobody knows.

GENTLEMAN JACK.

Gentleman Jack was a dealer in fish. He sold oysters, cockles, and herring. He was also a sceptic and a student. A Prussian by birth, he had an

Heidelberg education. Kant and Spinoza were old friends—Voltaire and Volney were apostles—Renan and Strauss were historical leaders. He doubted everything. Faith he knew nothing of. His creed was an abyss. Some orthodox and learned Solons gave him attention, and finally followed it with anathemas. He sold his herring, and laughed at Paley and Butler. The Unknown came to his fish-shop—took herring into the street and sold them—peddling Yarmouth bloaters under the ancient archways, along the crooked streets, up stairways and ladders. Two for a penny, or a baker's dozen for a silver sixpence. The fish-hawking was not by day, but at night. The lamps a yellow smudge in the fog, the eaves of old tenements a cascade in the rain, and the dark squares behind the street fronts a battery of loose tiles, chimney-pots, and shutters, when the gales came up from the sea and the fens and swept the Wensum.

Sometimes the fishmonger's larder was bare—nothing toothsome to eat with his salt haddock and white sprats. It would be secretly replenished. Plum-duff, mince-pies, currant cake, and sausage-rolls would wait the tooth of "Gentleman Jack." These were not out of a pantry, where a butler has charge of tankards and silver

spoons, but from a wooden cupboard, dependent on seven shillings a week for its supplies. Some one was hungry when its modest dishes went across the street. It didn't matter. Some one was thinking less of Tom Paine and finding truth in the Sermon on the Mount. It was not a conventional method of teaching the Christian Evidences and helping a man out of a mental abyss. It was a magnet instead of a syllogism. Selling herring to save a soul, fighting Voltaire with plum-duff, was certainly a novelty. Was it successful?

THE CHURCH OF THE EXILES.

It stood back from the street, unpretentious and unseen. It was the church of French exiles in the time of Louis XIV., when men wore doublets and carried swords, and had to fight to secure the right to pray. There were blood-spots on hassocks in those days.

The exiles had built the church in their old home fashion. It was Picardy in Norfolk. The pews were carved oak—the pulpit an edifice of walnut and seraphs' heads. There were tablets on the yellow walls with French inscriptions, and with prefixes to the names of the dead, as are seen to-day in a Paris Directory.

A paragraph of history, heroism, sacrifice, and exile. To leave native land and weave shawls for conscience' sake is not commonplace, nor much in vogue in these days, when convictions vary with salaries and creeds are handed round like old Burgundy in labelled bottles.

The Church of the Exiles had a congregation with the character of making little noise, but doing some hard thinking. There was logic as well as Te Deums. Truth sometimes clarifies a hallelujah.

Such a congregation assembled one Sunday night to hear a new and eloquent speaker with a German accent. The accent was only incidental. Men marvelled at the picturesque eloquence, the crystal-pointed thought, the earnestness that inspired broken syllables. The more so for knowing that the speaker was an ex-champion of the agnostics. Who and what led this master mind into light ? was the question asked in the old court. Nobody knows.

These examples were types of the work done by the Unknown, in a workman's clothes, and seldom with more than a sixpence in his pocket. Shoe-blacks and street Arabs ; rude sailors of the wherries ; beggars, widows, and washerwomen ;

garrets with dead babies in soap-boxes ; bags of bones not yet ready for the undertaker, but full of aches and rheumatics, on straw pallets—these were incorporated in the mission of the Samaritan of the Slums. He found diamonds where Society held its nose and emptied its ashpan.

CHAPTER IV.

THE BOLD BOY.

THERE is biography in a sobriquet. A nickname can even be a package of compressed history. Three words and a full stop can epitomize a life of heroism or a career of shame. In this matter we love brevity. A noun and an adjective is the popular idea of biography. Wellington, the genius of Badajoz and Waterloo, is immortalized as "The Iron Duke." King Richard of Crusader fame embalms his hero bones in "Cœur de Lion." Napoleon among the grenadiers of Marengo and Austerlitz was commemorated as "The Little Corporal." Genius and courage in these cases, independent of a comma or a long breath. On a phrase, as on a peg, crowns, stars, and all the belongings of fame.

This tendency of human nature to concentrateness is illustrated in all departments of life. It is in the workshop as in the camp; in street ballad as in history; with the fool as with the

wise, and the lowly as with the lofty. In this, as in all the great drifts or currents of human tendency, there is a central movement, obedient to the law of fitness. It may mock or praise, be a glory or a shame, but in either phase it is generally representative of some existent and dominant idea or quality.

The Unknown did not escape this second christening. A familiar figure in rude and troublesome scenes—without hesitation, or retraction in his dealing with human wrong, or in his advocacy of its rights. His youth ; his unaffectedness of official feathers ; his choice of the lowest seat in the synagogue when not needed elsewhere ; the modesty that reddened when it faced a crowd, but showed no fear of a bully or a brickbat—out of this combination of humbleness and courage evolved the terse but significant sobriquet of “The Bold Boy.”

Youth without fear expresses what was signified, and it may be accepted that in his peculiar work he had no care for such lions, chained or unchained, as were mutinous or menacing, in the dens of vice or the ways of wrong.

THE WATERSIDE PARISH.

The Parish of St. Miles had the distinction of having a magnificent church and a humble population. The church in a pride of stained glass and square flints, with sonorous bells and a glorious chancel. The parishioners mostly in corduroy and calico, weaving shawls, making shoes, peddling herring, and breeding linnets, goldfinches, and canaries, for city cages. By no manner of means fastidious or refined, and generally redolent of onions and gin. The river was tainted with dye houses and tanneries, black in color and foul in smell. Here and there a dingy barge, a dead dog, and a water-rat. The trout, and perch, and the shoals of silver minnows coming down from the Drayton Flats, where the kingfisher shone in the rushes and the otter made his way through water-cress and buttercups, stayed in this city sediment of sewage and logwood, to choke and go down with the tide in drifts of floating putrescence. The citizens on the banks breathing fog and smoke, and living in houses where the landlord made his rents from the cellar in the earth and the garret in the sky. Of elbow-room, none to spare. Of putrid gas and bad air, enough for doctors and

grave-diggers to be busy. Dirt, disease, and the devil are a trio. They were supreme in St. Miles.

One morning a yellow handbill of peculiar phraseology was found posted on door-posts, walls, beer-kegs, and factory-doors.

It announced the opening of a room, in one of the side streets, for services on certain nights in the working week and on Sundays. Corduroy was invited. Rags and dirty shoes made no difference in its welcome. A foot-note on the yellow placard announced the truth of Divine Fatherhood, and the forgotten fact that all men are brothers, and that on this basis of faith the mission in St. Miles would be carried on.

It was what we all believe, of course, but somehow it sounded strange and startling to men and women who knew more of long hours and little pay than of such a gospel. Experience with such goes farther than a syllogism. Plato thinks. Vulcan feels. Demonstrate by logic, and you convince the scholar. Indorse by experience, and you have a disciple in the worker. In a deep sense it is so with all of us. Half our faith is not of books, but facts. Half of the atheism in paper caps and blue jeans is not the logical sequence of mental process, but the absence

of power to see the Fatherhood of God in hungry children and the Brotherhood of Man in the back seats of a church. All we may have of Paley, all we may know of Lardner is not enough to infuse vitality into Christianity, if we find no living Christs to make it a practical verity. For this the world hungers. Christianity has had its share of printer's ink, of painter's brush, and Carrara marble, of chimes, music, and eloquence. What it wants to-day is the living copies of its original; less, if you will, of theological Christianity; more—or it dies—of every-day Christs.

To these working folk the doctrine of the yellow placard was in violent contrast with their condition and experience.

Who its author was, who pasted it on pillar and post, Nobody knows.

The room mentioned was not a parlor, but a loft. Above it a cracked ceiling; beneath, a costermonger's donkey. Its staircase was a ladder. It was without a door and had but one window. It was fitted out with rough benches and a home-made platform.

Rat-catchers, bird-fanciers, costermongers, weavers, and factory women made up its congregation. Not always decorous or decent, and, when packed

together, an offence to the nose and a nausea to the stomach.

Grace, grit, and a lump of camphor were indispensable to success. Poverty has no faith in sentiment, long words, and an exuberance of neck-tie; nor has it any respect for a man who hesitates to take a bully by the collar and jerk him into the street, and go on with the discourse as if nothing had happened to disturb its delivery. To depict the scenes enacted here would seem an outrage on credulity. Now a drunken weaver persists in singing a solo. Now a costermonger takes his wife by the hair and drags her down the ladder. Now an irate Britannia, with a huge pair of clogs, announces her determination to "brain the speaker" at the close of his address. Now Hibernia in a ragged cloak, with a delicious brogue and a bottle of gin, calls the speaker a liar, and propounds a question that provokes a roar of laughter. Now a would-be Spurgeon, with a profound belief in his native eloquence, attempts an oration, and falls on the Unknown in a swoon, unable to keep either his legs or ideas, and on recovery publicly announces that his failure was due to "eating cucumber without onion." These incidents illustrate the peculiar difficulties of the

evangel in St. Miles. Without protection or recognition, open to insult and assault, face to face with the deviltry of the slums, foul, brutal, and scornful; with its rancid breath, its eggshells, its pellets of mud; its catcalls on the old ladder and stones in the window. What for? Why this boy throwing truth like handfuls of seed wheat on these human fallows? Nothing less and nothing more than love for his kind and an unconquerable faith in the truth. Some day and somewhere its imperishable vitality would express itself. A flower would grow in the crack of a prison floor. Sunlight would search out some gloomy den, and along the desolateness of some human life would ring the mellow chime of an eternal love. Work was not in vain. Faith was not without its olive crown. Good was done in refashioning character, inspiring new life, quickening conscience, strengthening virtue, and in rubbing the mud from some lost pieces of silver. We have in sight certain garrets and cellars—unwholesome places—given to filth, squalor, and vice, where for a week at a time the walking-stick of the Unknown was kept as a charm, to sober a drunken father and cheer some broken-hearted mother. Memories of little folk, fever-smitten,

and tossing on bags of straw in the gloom—the last word on their cracked lips a message to the room in St. Miles. Little waifs of human kind, robbed of their birthright, but in their poverty and pain catching a glimpse on their dull eyes of the love that was transferring innocents from pauperism to glory. Just a step—perhaps less than that—from the ashpan to the golden gate.

To such as these, and to men and women who are to-day living in the nobleness of consecrated lives, "the room over the stable" is a shrine to which their minds often travel, as does the modern pilgrim to Canterbury and Westminster.

THE RURAL PARISH.

Hodge in his smock, ploughing and reaping, sniffing the brier rose and the clover in the early dawn, hearing the skylark when the wheat is wet with dew, and the nightingale in the hawthorns when the stars are shining, is even in his lowest condition more receptive and tractable and less brutal in his manners than is the city laborer. There is less poison in his environments for body or soul. He may be dull and opaque, but if he knows less of politics, Stuart Mill, and

Charles Bradlaugh than his compatriot in a tenement-house, he certainly knows less of villainy and vice. Among this class the Unknown was welcome as a teacher and a champion. His parish was co-extensive with the county. On foot and with horse he travelled some four thousand miles. On village green, under historic oaks, in barns, and in the meeting-houses of the old Puritans, he re-earned the sobriquet of the "Bold Boy." Baronets and squires were sometimes annoyed, sometimes instructed. Bigots and Pharisees kept aloof. Patrician families of a certain type disliked the "boy," who enticed their peasantry to the village green and the old tabernacle. To him it was reward enough to grasp the horny hands of men who tramped twenty miles to hear his simple talk for one hour. It was not for demagogic doctrines that the one class ignored and the other appreciated him. Far from that. He was innocent of rant, and he knew no class distinction but that of character. Wrong of all kinds heard the crack of his whip. The secret was in his emphasis of the cardinal doctrines of Divine Fatherhood and Human Brotherhood. These did not square with the traditions of one class or the experiences of the other. It was the "Marseillaise Hymn" at

the Tuileries in '55 and "Partant pour la Syrie" at Montmartre in '71.

It was as against false pride, luxury, and class prejudice that he was avowedly a champion of the Nazarenic doctrine. Hence he eschewed the mansion under the oaks, and ate his dinner with the poorest, and spoke the truth in monosyllables. His experiences on these evangelizing expeditions would reveal the true inwardness of social and religious life in the rural districts of East England. Enough to say, some of the happiest results of his labors were connected with these pedestrian tramps, and the foot-sore boy, walking home under the stars, was indifferent to foot-pads or darkness, or the sneer of the aristocratic squire who said, "He is nothing more than a radical snob or a bold boy." The seed was sown. The boy cared only for the crop.

It was no mean joy—rare indeed in some lives, but not strange in that of the bold boy—to feel, as he cooled his blistered feet in the rippling brook among the watercress and the white stars, that in some village far away over the hills he had left some vital truth—perhaps a new hope—maybe a deeper joy in some peasant breast, that would be

honey to his brown bread and light a star on the beam of his plough.

For there were grand old types of peasant saints in those days, men and women with white hair, and the wrinkles of fourscore years on their weather-tanned faces. Of luxury they knew nothing, of excitements no more. They had read but one Book in their quiet lives, and knew nothing of Renan, Colenso, or Strauss. What Christianity could do with such unadulterated minds it had done to the marvellous fashioning of a patience, content, and communion with things spiritual and eternal not to be found elsewhere, save in those cottages of thatch, and diamond panes, and the quiet odors of lavender, rosemary, and lilac by the humble door. To lend a hand to such Gamaliels and Deborahs was, if not a proud privilege, pray what is?

So felt this city lad as he strode through the wet clover and across the moors and the meadow lands. The watchful gamekeeper heard him sing, the poacher knew his step, and few in the old city, going to sleep under the stars, were more tired or so happy as the "Bold Boy." As to what was the cause, it might be said of his neighbors, Nobody knows.

CHAPTER V.

THE SOLDIER'S FRIEND.

THE Horwich barracks are in a niche of heather and sand. An enclosed square, with a patch of green grass in the centre. Stables and troop-rooms on two sides. A healthy location for men that had lost vitality in Manchester smoke, and were in need of recuperation before taking some years of service in Burmah or Bengal. But still a barrack. A box of brick, packed with men. A place of discipline, regulations, and iron rule. A hard fact, in spite of kettle-drums and gold lace. Rations by weight, sleep by regulation, steps by measure. Good and needful in its way, but apt to be unpleasant till the skin was accustomed to the iron shirt. A thousand men in a military unit, moving by order, into a camp or a cannon's mouth. On parade the populace cheered. Off duty, no friends but pot-boys and bar-tenders.

Respectable society had no place for the pariahs of gunpowder. Mars without pedigree and a

shoulder-strap was an outcast. So Tommy Atkins took of necessity to such civilization as is represented by XXX porter, Holland gin, and the dice-box. His morals were attended to once a week by a sermon in the riding-school, or such churches where the squads chose to go in care of a corporal. For six days they were not in England, but Egypt. One day there came along a novelty. A stranger, as unexpected as a Mongolian in a mosque. He was unofficial and democratic. He found a seat on a pail or a bench as easy as an old campaigner. He went from room to room, with a kind word for all and reading matter for most. Men pipeclaying belts, rubbing spurs, or playing cards, accepted his hand and his tract. He kept at this singular business till he was as well known as the drum-major. By degrees, men of hopeful character and good behavior were introduced to private homes. Correspondence was organized between different regiments, and men who spent a season in Horwich barracks were followed round the world, with proofs of interest and friendship. Staff officers saw the membership card of this new masonry reaching from the Wensum to the Indus, and it was mess-room talk. "Who is at the bottom of this?" Nobody knows.

THE OLD RANGER.

He is on the march in India. The Oriental appendage to Windsor Castle. A chunk of the planet, crammed by some means into a British bag. It was his second march through Bengal. The first tramp historic—blood-spotted. The Sepoy had turned into an unlicensed butcher. Cawnpore had women's brains on its walls and dead infants in its wells. Bones in red jackets were in Delhi, Meerut, and Lucknow. Highlanders and Fusileers were avengers. Havelock was the hero of a second Troy, and Campbell of an Homeric march. The old ranger had his share in the struggle, with Wyndham at Cawnpore and Rose at Jhansi.

Now he was a lone veteran in a squad of rosy-faced recruits from Connemara and Kerry. Bold and fiery lads, with bigotry and hate in their bones against any man that had an objection to kiss the toe of a pope or pray to a saint. They stole his bed, emptied his canteen, put sand in his soup, and wished him to the devil. This was his fate from Calcutta to Nowsharra. That long march a plank of cinders. The man an epic of patience and faith, a New Testament in brogans. For

that reason he was in the fire. For that reason he came out without a scorch. Martyrology is not unknown in the British army. Here a man, the old kingly type—hated. What for? For a Testament in his tunic, singing hymns after Wesley, refusing to get drunk, keeping his lips from arrack and women, reproving vice, putting the dice-box out of his tent, and praying with lads the natives were waiting to bury. Why do men spit at stars?

We cannot count the pin-pricks in this ranger's skin. He is thrown into a well, shut up in prison on perjured evidence, rupees taken from his kit. All schemes to seal his lips and break his courage. He has, however, some parenthesis of pleasure. A sapper in Meen Mear shows him a letter from Horwich. A gunner in Lahore reads him a sheet from a Horwich workshop. A Highlander in Meerut gives him comfort from the same source. It is all as dew on dry grass. He sings another Te Deum. His example tells, as water does on a stone. Men seek his advice, accept his faith, admire his courage. When the mail-bag reaches Nowsharra, a dozen men are anxious to read his Horwich letter. Old rangers under their punkas wonder who it is "stiffening

the backbone of the Methodists?" In a public sense, Nobody knows.

The Unknown was not limited to the ink-bottle for work. He was not a chaplain's secretary, but a humanitarian. Bodies were facts in his creed. He believed in children having shoes and dinners. He visited the families outside the barracks. Military regulations are in matrimony as well as tactics. Some of these families were not recognized. They were hangers-on, without protection, and some of them in squalor and want. He gathered the outcasts on Sundays, and added what he could to their bodily comfort.

GUNNER KELLY.

Kelly was dissolute. He had a wife, three children, and ninepence a day. He had some affection for these belongings. He had more for the canteen. He loved a drink. His last penny went over the bar. Pack drill and the cells did him no good. Now he takes his pay to his wife. The children wear shoes—Biddy has a new gown—Kelly is a reformed man. The colonel talks of giving him a stripe on his sleeve.

TRUMPETER MACFARLANE.

The regiment was under orders for India. Mac cannot take his family. The wife is delicate and friendless. She has no future but a washtub and a garret in Glasgow. Mac has been an exemplary husband. He has his sleepless nights over that trip via the Suez Canal. He receives a money order. It is enough to purchase his discharge. He has now a happy home in the city of York.

How is this brought about? Kelly sober—Mac free. Nobody knows. This work was not without its price. It signified social ostracism. It was not in form to keep company with soldiers. The young man so guilty lost social standing. If he had ambitions they were lost just there. A curate with a bulldog was not more a social misde-meanor. The Unknown paid the price.

THE INDIAN RELIEF: AN ECHO OF THE CAMPS.

Above the gray old rampart wall
The mists are damp and white,
And trickles like a drop o' blood
Upon the surge o' Channel flood
The dawning o' the light.

And thro' the drifting clouds o' fog
The boom o' morning gun,
The shattered echoes far and wide,
O'er sail o' ship and salt o' tide,
And wash o' Portsea run.

A thousand men awake from sleep,
And rings the clarion cry
Of trumpets that arouse the host,
Now mustered on the island coast
To say their last "Good-by."

The glint o' steel and tramp o' men,
The roll o' drums and cheer,
The squads that form in stately line,
In all the pomp o' war to shine,
And spare a soldier's tear.

For now the dawn o' day at last,
When hearts o' mothers quake,
In loneliness to miss and mourn
The first or last o' all their born,
And at their fate to break.

By banks o' Shannon and the Tyne,
And gorges o' the Clyde,

The cottage in the lowland fen,
The Grampian bluff and Highland glen,
And reeds o' Humber side.

And rings the rampart and the street
With slow and martial tread,
The stately stride and lion face
Of that old stern and fighting race,
To battle born and bred.

And one by one they file away,
As heard the last roll-call,
To find perchance a soldier's grave
In jungle sand or ocean wave,
Beyond the rampart wall.

A soldier's cloak their only shroud,
A musket-shot their knell,
Or left to wolf the whitening bone,
And not a sod, a slab, or stone
To mark where valor fell.

And fills the sail, and ploughs the ship,
And blows the salty wind,
And left for years or evermore,
The silver streak o' island shore,
And broken hearts behind.

And fades away from land and home
The speck o' sail at sea,
And comes the hope and wafts the prayer
That God may keep, and sword may spare,
And battle cease to be.

And ocean old shall be no more
A sepulchre o' slain,
Nor brother smite his brother down
To prop a throne, or steal a crown,
Or clinch a bondsman's chain.

CHAPTER VI.

THE FRIEND O' THE FORECASTLE.

THE Unknown was in love with the sea. He belonged to Neptune, as does a starfish or a sponge. The green spaces of the Channel and the growl of tides on the shingle were both majesty and music to the city lad. Occasionally he took the few sixpences he could spare, and went some twenty miles or more across the uplands and fens to see his ocean queen. He sought out the lone and rugged places : old breakwaters, slimy with jelly-fish and old as the days of Drake and Van Tromp ; lonely coves, where the smuggler once hid his lugger and the drift-wood came up from the Scroby sands ; fishing villages with their white cottages nestled in cliffs, or standing on their summit, in a background of sky and heather. Here, away from towns with bathing machines, minstrel troupes and a general development of necktie and the devil, he paddled in saline pools, had talks with the brown-faced fishermen, and

climbed the cliffs at night, to find some village inn, where he could eat his frugal meal, and sleep with the lights of ships beneath his window. Mystery of the sea ! He knew somewhat of its moods and deception ; its vengefulness and glory ; its rage when the north wind smote it with cold rods, when it spit at the stars, sprang at rocks, and flung dead men and spars up the gorges and in the sea-grass of the marshes—a mad lion with a white mane ; its peacefulness and calm when the wind was low and warm : a sparkle in the sun at noon and a floor-way of stars at night. In either mood there was fascination for the lad, immured the rest of his time in four walls and the smell of burnt paste and glue-pots.

MEG AND SANDY.

“ You be fond o' the sea, lad,” said Mother Mills of Horton Cliff. “ You be looking at it, as the folks do at the pictures in the Squire's hall o' rent days. Just as Maggie does o' nights when she sees the light o' the '99' in the Horton Gat. I'se see nothing in it but a graveyard, from the Scroby to Haisboro Light. Lots o' my kin are down them bottoms, with the shrimps and the dog-fish. Stout lads, handy with fishing-nets, and the best

o' men to manage a mainsail o' a dark night, with a northeaster in the Roads. Life is mighty on-sartin on salt water. On the top to-day, at the bottom to-morrow. I'se glad to hear Sandy say you talks kinder serious like to the lads when you lend a hand to stretch the nets. Sandy thinks you do the right kind o' talking, better than the parson. It's a kind o' gift to pick the tangle out o' the tackle, and talk o' truth as nateral as Sandy does o' mackerel. What made you want to put on Sandy's life-belt that night when the bark went aground on the Scroby? What could your sticks o' arms do with an oar like the spar o' a lugger?"

"What would you do without Sandy? He might have gone down in the surf," said the Unknown.

"So might you. It was kind o' you hownsoever to think o' Sandy. He gets me bread o' days, and reads to me o' winter nights, though I'se only his granny, half blind, and stiff o' cold days with the rheumatics. For a bit and a sup, a home o' days and a bed o' nights, I'se hanging on to God and Sandy."

"Good hawsers to fasten on. One I can swear to; the other is sound so long as it lasts," said the Unknown. "It may be some dark night, another bark will run her nose in the Scroby Sands. A

flare of tar and oakum, like a taper in an ink-bottle. A boat from the cove, a cry on the wind, and in the morning light old Scroby churning its spume of milk from the white of dead men's faces. Sandy's oil-skins full of shrimps and his hair of seaweed. It's hard to submit to the Divine Will when it puts our friends in the grave of the Scroby."

"That is true, lad—true as gospel. A cup o' bitters. Wine o' the blood, but horehound on the tongue. I've had a cupful o' that. Sandy's father and Jock were taken from me five years gone, this coming Michaelmas. They went down in the deeps off the Winterton Ness. Bob went out o' sight off Flamboro Head. No one left but the old man and little Bill. I hadn't got over crying o' nights, when they was took away from old Meg Mills, in the snap o' the great gale that made three hundred widows and orphans in one night. All's gone o' my kin but Sandy, and not a one did I put in a shroud or see in a coffin. They ain't under the daisies, where the birds sing o' mornings and old Meg might plant a rose-bush or a root o' lavender, but down, lad, down, fathoms and fathoms, with sea-nettles on their white bones.

It's hard, lad, it's hard to look at the Scroby and think o' God being good. Can yer give me a verse out o' the old Book to think on, to help me to think otherwise?"

"The sea shall give up its dead," was the reply.

"Coming up," said Meg, "coming up! Out o' Winterton Ness—by Flamboro Head, out o' the Scroby, and old Meg to give 'em a grip and a kiss. Seems too good to be true. It's kind o' yer, lad, to put a drop o' comfort like that on a cracked lip. 'Tis no wonder the fisher folk keep a warm corner for the like o' ye by the hearthstone, though yer be no sailor, as I can see, but more like a sojer, with a step like the gunner o' the battery. You's no parson, I knows by yer clothes, and not a rich gent, I knows by the nails in yer shoes; but it's good for Sandy that yer come to Horton. He's soberer now o' market nights, and takes the Book with him when he goes to the herring grounds, that we found in a dead sailor's pocket ten years ago. He's kinder serious, like the Scotch lads as come from the North in luggers with black sails, and speak o' Sunday nights in blind Robert's house. The lads on the quay chaffs him badly, but he bides it all cheerful like. They lays it to

the parson and the Scotch skippers; but Nobody knows, only Meg and Sandy."

Such as this, with variations in pathos and places, was in the experience of the Unknown, as he trudged along the coast. Footprints on its sands, as sings the genius of "Hiawatha" and the "Psalm of Life."

Six months later we find a Home for the sick poor on the Horton cliff. The Unknown brought its first consignment of invalids. Men and lads, poor, pale, thin, full of Horwich smoke and apothecaries' compounds—familiar with sewer gas and dead rats. They only needed change, fresh air, elbow-room, and wider horizons of sunshine and sky. Here they had all. Heather for a carpet, spars for chairs, ships for pictures, fishermen for friends, sweet bread, new milk, white fish, and eggs out of the hay for food. They got brown, fat, and cheerful, and went back to the workshop instead of the hospital.

It was a proud day for the Unknown when he dumped his ambulance of invalids on the Horton heather.

Six months later he was riding out a gale, not far from the Scroby, in a pilot cutter. A gale it was, sweeping brigs and barks, smacks and luggers

down the throat of the Gats, and spilling fishermen in the great abyss of salt and death. Looking over the surf to the leaden cloud of cliff and gorge, a candle shone seaward from a chamber window.

Devereaux, a grim pilot of the old school, noticed the light as being in the Home for the sick poor. He muttered something to the Unknown, who was watching the Scroby from the hatchway, about modern fools pampering paupers, and of one especially, of whom he had heard talk, who took more notice of a lame tinker than he would of a duke, made saints o' fishing folk, and had a hand in packing sick shoemakers to the Horton Home.

"Charity is cheap and silly," said the old man of the sea. "Do you think that chap as started that fandango would take a hand at an oar, to fetch a drowning sailor from the Scroby, a night like this? That's what counts in my kind o' goodness."

"He might," said the Unknown.

"Nay, nay, lad. Who is he anyway?"

Nobody knows.

PRELUDE AND PARENTHESIS.

Howard was a merchant prince. He amassed a fortune. It was so large that he had several to

give away. He gave them freely. Not in race-horses, but humanity. His charities were national. They multiplied with his gold, and were abused in proportion. As a rule, charity, in its distributive methods, has but one eye, and that has a cataract. It was in form in that day for ladies of high degree to visit the slums, with shillings in one pocket and eau de Cologne in the other. Of the two, the smelling-bottle was the greatest good. It was of service in foul alleys and dark garrets. The shillings mostly went to the nearest tavern for gin and small beer.

Howard was a man of business. He saw no good in loose methods. Coal for the cold, bread for the hungry, clothes for the naked. Not a penny for red noses and loafers, whose only object in keeping alive was a black bottle and a quart mug. It was a task to discriminate between the fraudulent and the genuine. It took time, tact, and investigation. He looked around for a man whose heart was not in an iron skin nor his hat on a fool's head. He chose the Unknown. So the workman went from the glue-pot to the prince for instructions. They were the acme of brevity.

"Do your best, and God bless you. Organize—visit—teach. My purse is yours. Go ahead."

He went ahead, in the old-fashioned style—no officialism, no airs, no partiality. There came about a reading-room for workmen, evening schools for boys, sewing classes for girls, and a clothing club for all. The honest poor had bread, beef, and coal. The black-bottle brigade, invalids with flour on their faces, borrowed crutches, whining hags full of falsehood, pathos, snuff, and beer—all this fraternity went to the wall. Where honesty was hungry or down with the rheumatism, virtue out of work, with no shoes and a pair of twins, little folks crying for new milk and in the agonies of measles, fever, and small-pox, there was the Unknown. He whitewashed black walls, sponged blacker skins, took drunkards home by the collar, cowed bullies, and did his duty. Night and day he was climbing stairs and knocking at doors. It wore him out. The nail was bigger than the hammer. He wasted to skin and bone. Blood oozed out of his mouth. The doctors said, "Rest or death"—"The sea or the cemetery." Howard sent him to sea, with the original but characteristic condition that he could divide his time as he pleased between the forecabin and the cabin.

THE LATONIA.

The Unknown put his bag on board the Latonia at Liverpool. Destination, Constantinople and Mediterranean ports. The vessel was a long, narrow steamer with a low taffrail and a big spread of canvas. Passengers and crew a polyglot crowd. Greece, Spain, Germany, Algeria, and Turkey represented in the cabin. The forecastle was more or less a rag-shop, with a drift of sailor tramps, from coal brigs, Cunarders, Yankee clippers, Paddy Carey's pimp department, and the Sailors' Home. A rough crowd, with woollen shirts, head-gear of all kinds, dungaree pants, and sheath-knives. The forecastle was not a parlor. It was dark as a cellar, foul as a sewer. Tobacco-juice and grease made foothold uncertain. Cockroaches and robust fleas infested the bunks. It was full of smells, and the thunders of waves breaking at the bow. The cabin folk only came near to hold their noses and look at the porpoises under the bowsprit. Only the "pale thin fellow," who left blood on the dinner napkins. It was not wholesome for his nose or his ears, but there were men in it, nevertheless, with biographies and souls. The Unknown so thought, though the captain damned

them both. "Before the mast, the devil, salt junk, and a glass of grog in the dog watch. Just so much riff-raff in trousers, with enough of iron in their nerves and sinews to reef topsails on a dark night, and swallow salt water by the pint in the fore-chains." The captain was not without excuse. If he thought more of his dog than his men, it was for the reason of finding more virtue on four legs than he did on two. Not six months ago they had broken into open riot, used their sheath-knives, and dismembered the fore-castle table to make clubs of its legs. The table had not been replaced, and what they now had of duff and pork was eaten out of a pannikin on the floor. On another occasion they were so brutish and diabolical as to tap a life-boat in which a dead Greek was submerged in old rum. They got gloriously drunk, in spite of Athens soaking in Jamaica. It was "Bacchus on the Brine," with a fore-castle chorus,

"The rum it was good
And fresh from the wood,
And ho ! ho ! for the Greek that was in it."

Between eating a missionary and drinking a Greek stew only a difference in the method of tickling the palate.

For all this of riot, rum and marine canni-

balism, the Unknown was not kept outside the forecastle grating. Here he was welcome to talk or read under the swinging lamp, with his white face like a chalk image in a group of bronze figures. A messenger of wholesome truth in a cloud of tobacco-smoke. Pipes and pathos.

The passengers were a genial, chattering crowd, but all, with one exception, unable to go beyond pigeon English. This exception, Schwartz by name, a German, bound to Athens. The soul of brevity in everything but his shirt-collar. It was a vastness of starch and linen—it chafed his ears. As the mate said, “it wanted a reef.” He was prim, courteous, a gentleman, and a linguist. In the latter capacity he was generous and useful, making the interchange of thought a spicy and entertaining process. By this means the Unknown had work to do in the cabin as in the forecastle. He need no longer be dumb in the polyglot crowd.

Among these was a Greek lady with white hair and olive face—a kindly, garrulous, and emotional soul. She took a special interest in the Briton that was half sailor and half passenger. She was bound to Galatz on the Danube, having spent some months with a Greek merchant in

Liverpool, a man **with** a fortune and a history. The history was an illustration that what is good and loyal in human nature is not limited to dialects or creeds. The divine spark not so much a monopoly as is generally supposed. We give the reader

THE SCHWARTZ TRANSLATION.

“Thirty-five years ago a Greek widow with a boy baby in her arms was travelling with a caravan across the Arabian desert. The boy sickened and apparently died. The mother could not long carry the corpse, nor would the caravan halt its long line of camels and spearmen to bury an infant. Water was scarce. Bedouins were numerous. A lost hour was a life and a dry tongue. So she wrapped the child in a costly shawl, and with a piece of gold as its price of burial, she gave it to some passing Arabs. They scooped a grave in the sand and covered up the mother’s dead. She went on. They stayed to steal the shroud. The disinterred body showed signs of life. They took it away on their camels. The boy baby grew into a fine, spirited youth, nourished on goat’s milk and dates. He was sold to a Turkish merchant. He was shrewd, industrious, and economical. He saved his piastres and bought his freedom. He

went to Liverpool, and there amassed a fortune. He was a Greek Stewart. What he touched changed into gold. He had ships on the sea, agencies in the Archipelago, and branch offices in India. One thing troubled him. Where was the mother that had left him in the desert grave? The Arabs had told him of her tears. She might yet be living. Could he find her? If he could, he would. He spent two years in a personal search. He roamed from the Danube to the Nile, traced the caravan, examined nomads and traders, put his commercial agencies at work, toiled, prayed, lavished gold, and came back to the Mersey, with his old sorrow unhealed."

Homer tells of no truer fidelity than this. Filial affection of this quality is not often found even in sons who are not raised on goat's milk nor trained by Moslems, but cradled in flannel and taught by Christians.

The Latonia went on her way bravely, with rough weather up the Channel and a gale in the Bay of Biscay. After this she spread all her canvases, and sailing was a pleasure. Below Cape Finisterre there was enough of color in the sky and the sea to make a seat on a spar as charming as a chair in a picture gallery. The nautilus was a

moving speck on a sheet of blue silk. Sea-foam was a lace-work of silver on azure spaces; the flying-fish a stairway of nickel-plate, up which the eye went to the snow-spots on the Sierra Nevada. White stars in mountain shadows. Cape Trafalgar had its historic fascination, with the dead of Nelson under palpitating slabs of indigo. Sunshine and history, fore and aft.

THE STOWAWAY.

It was in these latitudes a stowaway was discovered in the hold and lugged by the collar to the bridge.

The captain swore and the mate kicked him to the slush-bucket. A boy, thin, dirty, and in tears—a little scarecrow. He was officially consigned to hard work and a deck passage, with the threat of being unloaded at the first port. The cook made him wash the galley and scour the kettles. The mates sent him aloft to scrape the topmasts. The crew generally gave him more kicks than half-pence. Friendless, ragged, spotted with tar and soaked with salt water.

The Unknown bided his time to interview the little outcast. The passengers were turned in for the night. The captain was snoring, the mate

on the bridge, and a lone figure was standing under the foresail, looking out for passing ships. The stowaway was squatted on a coil of rope at the foot of the mainmast. The Unknown put a wrapper round his neck and gave him a choice piece of plum-duff.

"What is your name, my lad?"

"O'Brien, sur."

"Where is your home?"

"Liverpool, sur."

"What's your father?"

"A dead man, sur."

"Dead, did you say?"

"Yes, sur. He was killed in the Crimea, sur."

"Is your mother living?"

"Yes, sur."

"What does she do?"

"She goes out a washing, sur."

"What made you steal a ride on this ship?"

"Wanted a change and some grub, sur."

"Did you ever creep under a hatch before?"

"Yes, sur."

"Where did you go that trip?"

"To China, sur."

"Did you know where this ship was bound?"

"No, sur."

"Did you care?"

"Divil a bit, sur."

"Can you read and write?"

"No, sur."

"Would you like to learn?"

"Think I should, sur."

"If I try to teach you, will you do your best?"

"Yes, sur."

"If you will do that, I will do my best to take you home again."

"Thank ye, sur."

"I'll give you lessons in the dog watch. Good-night."

"Good-night, sur."

"What noise is that forrard?" sang out the mate to the man under the fore-sheet.

"Nobody knows, sur."

Malta was in sight, with its batteries and zig-zags of stone walls. The sea was crowded with fishing-boats of picturesque shape and lateen sails, like a sheet of foolscap on the point of a quill. The cable was being overhauled for anchorage. Sailors on the yards taking in sail. The Unknown went into the captain's cabin with some crumpled sheets of paper full of pothooks and finished off with John O'Brien written in big, crooked letters.

"What do you think of this, captain, for a lad who learned to write on a coil of rope, with chunks of cold tar on his knuckles?"

"Fair, sir, fair. In fact, commendable to his grit and perseverance. Do you keep this for a curiosity?"

"No, sir, for a recommendation."

"Good! It ought to do any lad service."

"That depends on the captain of the Latonia."

"How's that?"

"That is the work of the stowaway, sir, and I think that if you will take him home again, he may be made a man of yet."

"That kind of stuff is not worth the trouble. It's old oakum. Stick it in a crack or throw it overboard. Men ain't made out of mud."

"True, sir, but one sometimes finds a shilling in a gutter."

"Stuff, stuff. Will you be guardian for that little tramp?"

"I will, sir."

"All right. I am only sorry you are making an ass of yourself. You will get nothing for your pains."

"Nobody knows, sir. Good-morning."

Two months later, and Widow O'Brien came

home from her washing with a string of herrings and an apronful of potatoes. John sat on the bottom of the garret stair with his paper bundle of pothooks and John O'Briens.

"John," said the mother.

"Mother," said John.

It was the old story of the Prodigal Son, celebrated, not with a fatted calf, but a red herring. The passage from Malta to the Archipelago was uneventful. Mediterranean weather, Mediterranean water—sky and sea the two halves of a blue ball, with here and there a snow-flake of ship's sail.

Sicily was a smudge on the horizon. The headlands of the Morea broke a monotony of indigo. Bold, picturesque, and stately. A lion of earth and rock, with its paw in the sea.

THE CANDLE OF THE HEADLANDS.

The Unknown was on the bridge in the mate's watch. A fair-haired and laconic Briton, with a strong sympathy for the democratic ideas of his companion.

"You believe there's good under a flannel shirt. So do I. I don't think, and I know you don't, that God Almighty made one part o' the world six-pences and the other pennies. Silver in broad-

cloth, copper in dungaree. I sail with you on that course. Here's a sample o' the truth. You see that headland with its forefoot in the sea. It's as straight up as a mast-head, two hundred feet and more. You see a scrap o' table-land at the bottom. There's a hut there with two windows, fore and aft. Can you spot it? Well, do you see a spark o' light on it? That's a candle. It's burning for our benefit. Coming up or going down, from sunset to sunrise, that candle-light is seen, in one window or the other. No one buys the tallow dips but the man as holds 'em in his hand. Now and then a passing ship sends a boat ashore with a box o' biscuits or a chunk o' dried beef, a chicken, a bag o' duff, or a shilling. He has no other means o' living. His garden isn't bigger than a mainsail. He is shut out from society. A goat or a man-o'-warsman couldn't climb that headland, and there he is with a light 'twixt his finger and thumb, every night in the year, to keep such as us from rubbing a hole in the ship's bottom on the rocks. Talk o' self-denial and goodness! Ain't that a sample? What was he in his daily calling? A sailor, grinding his teeth on hard tack and salt junk, and, like most o' them, with nothing in the world but a bag o' old duds, and black

anchors pricked on his arms. The yarn is, that he was wrecked seven times off these headlands, and made a vow on that bit o' shelf scooped out o' the cliff that as long as God gave him life and captains gave him candles he would keep ships from cutting their throats on the stone knives sheathed in the sea. Many a ship rubs her sides on the old quays at home that would have been driftwood off the Morea but for the candle o' the headlands. Good stuff in that man, and lots o' the like at sea, if there was only more o' men, like somebody I know, to be friends o' the forecastle."

The Unknown watched the black shadow of land till the candle died out like a white star on the sky-line. What a life! Consecration, sacrifice, exile, solitude, a pound of candles, and a king in a worsted shirt behind the blue bars of a sea prison. While half the world is a lump of lamp-black, such examples show that, after all, it is only a star cut in two by a shadow. "Can I wipe a smudge of it off?" said the Unknown, as he went to his bunk. Nobody knows. The Archipelago is history. Picturesque lumps of earth and indigo water. Here the old sea-dogs fought in galleys, and settled the fates of empires and republics with short-swords. Now a panorama of

ships smudging the landscape with the smoke of coal from Newcastle, and spilling bilge-water and grease on the amethyst sea floor of the classic gods. Commerce burying history in oakum and old junk.

THE LOST BIRD ON SHIPBOARD.

An Incident and its Lesson on the Coast of Africa.

Lone rover of the pathless deep
And blank abyss of gloom ;
A hundred weary leagues and more
From native tree or Moorish shore,
And thy forsaken home ;

Thy tiring wing a silent throb
In vast and upper void,
Under the watch-fire of the star,
Where sentinels of worlds afar
In camps of space abide ;

And like a crimsoned autumn leaf
Torn from its parent tree,
So, drifting from the higher air,
Thy wings of color, rich and rare,
Droop o'er the purple sea.

By snowy sail and lofty spar,
And woof of salty rope,
Thy failing strength upon the deep
A haven finds for peace and sleep,
A refuge and a hope.

Thy cradle nest is far away,
O weary bird ! Why here ?
The music of thy natal song,
Not written on the waves that throng
The channels of the sphere,

Not mine to know, or thine to tell.
Enough ! Thou hast a rest ;
So in my jacket safely stay
From midnight watch to break of day,
And nestle in my breast.

For in thy mute exhausted life
Unspoken truth for me,
A note unheard, but written plain,
In human soul to voice again
The angel dumb in thee—

Of care divine—that never sleeps
In watching o'er its own,

For souls of men, where'er they stray,
Have in the darkness of their way
A resting-place and home.

In trouble, doubt, and haunting fear
Of sorrow's starless sea,
O brother ! lost in storm and gloom,
God keeps amid the wrecks of doom
An ark that waits for thee.

SURPRISING A TURK AND DISARMING A GREEK.

The Latonia let go her anchor off the island of Syra. Hermopolis was a block of loaf-sugar in a big spoon. The Unknown went ashore with a Turkish merchant, a Spanish Jewess, and a boy. The Turk was in a glory of Manchester cloth, a white waistcoat, a tall hat the color of new cream, and a vast exhibit of watch-chain. A tempting bait for a brigand. The party was well up the slopes of a lofty hill, some miles from the town, when the Turk halted, and shading his eyes with his hand, took a long look at a group of horsemen coming down the rough declivity. His face was white as his vest, and when he spoke it was with a quiver in his voice. He was in a lachry-

mose and perspiring condition. Abdis, just then, an emotion in boots.

"Have you weapons of any kind with you?" he asked the Unknown.

"I have no use for them, and never carry them," was the reply. "Why do you ask me?"

Abdis drew his hand across his throat. "Look there," said he. "What's that?"

"A group of Greeks, I suppose, going to town, to sell grapes and hear the news."

"No, sir, no such respectable object with that gang. It's money, jewelry, and such fools as us they are after. Brigands, sir, brigands. Good hands at cutting windpipes."

The Unknown surveyed the cavalcade. Just six of them with yataghans, and mustachios worthy of a French sapper.

"I can box," he said, "and I can pray, but in this case self-help is God's help. Is there not a traditional custom or superstition with these people regarding a morning salutation, as there is with the Arabs and a pinch of salt?"

"There may be," said Abdis, "but sentiment won't stand against my watch and this gold chain. We are kidnapped or killed sure."

"What is the salutation?" queried the Unknown. "Let me have it, correct and quick."

"Kella Marasis."

The Unknown repeated it parrot fashion and said, "Follow me, sir, and show a bold face."

The gang had a bad look. They came on in single file. The leading horse was reined straight for the Unknown. He put his hand on its hot nostril, and looking up at the rider, said in a clear voice, "Kella Marasis."

It was an electric shock. The brigand changed color. A smile, somewhat sardonic, wrinkled his olive face, but he straightened up in his stirrups and gallantly returned the salutation, adding Johnny to it, by way of appendage, as if he had found out he was dealing with a Briton in a serge jacket. He made some Masonic motions with his bridle hand, and the squad rode rapidly out of sight. Abdis wiped his face, and the Unknown put a *Te Deum* into a hearty "Thank God."

The return journey was rapid for a hot day, and a very warm crowd went up the gangway of the *Latonia*. The mate had just returned from some business errand to the consul, and brought the story of a French traveller being robbed by a mountain gang and his headless trunk left in the

sun on a hill slope. That tragedy but yesterday. Abdis had been right in his fears. The Greek had lost a gold watch by a frank appeal to his traditional courtesy. He might regret but probably would never forget being disarmed with a kind word and a very thin Briton in blue.

From Syra to Constantinople the voyage was full of interest. The cabin passengers were mostly scattered in the Greek islands, and the decks crowded with Greek emigrants bound to Turkey and Arabs to Mecca. Everything was rapidly becoming foreign and novel. The yellow flag with a crescent moon was floating over the batteries of the Dardanelles. Italian iron-clads and Austrian steamers hung out their respective squares of bunting. The heat was Oriental; tar oozed out of the deck planks and trickled down the shrouds. The forecastle was full of flies, the cabins of caloric. Sailors doffed their shirts, and went aloft like Esau, all hair, and thin guernsey. The Unknown perspired in white pantaloons. He was busy with the motley crowd on the deck, squatting by day in the shadow of the mainsail and curled up at night on the hatchways. The crew had no regard for their toes or backs when they were in the way of a slop-bucket or the end of a halyard.

If the thin man in white trousers was necessarily dumb, he was able to talk by acts of kindness. A can of water and a tin cup made him intelligible. An Algerian sheikh in a white hood and some yards of cotton spread his mat for him when he came with a stalk of Malaga raisins for one of his sick Arabs. The old fighter of lions and French Zouaves free with his benedictions, in the language of Ishmael. The scene was novel and picturesque. The Koran on a bag of camel-hair. The New Testament in a tin cup, a cluster of raisins, and a pair of white pants. There was, however, a blot in the picture. It came from Christendom. The second steward took to drinking old Jamaica and pale ale. He failed to walk straight, spilled soup over the captain's coat, fell down the companion-way, put the mate's cap on the table for a plate of curry, and handed round the salt-cellar for the sugar-basin. The captain knocked him down and remanded him to the fore-castle. The bottle-rack was found to contain only empty bottles. Champagne had vanished, and a straw was found in a barrel of rum. One of the passengers had lost a gold pin, another a shirt. They were found in the steward's pantry. Bruce had developed into a drunkard

and a thief. His future was a Turkish prison—his present punishment a bed on the deck, salt junk eaten out of a pannikin, with fingers for forks, a slush-pot up the masts, and such regrets as he might have with his white hands in a pot of tar.

A stout little tug hove in sight, in the daybreak of a summer's morning. It was all business and smoke, and with the very unromantic name of John Smart on its bow. The hawser was made fast. The Latonia furled its sails, overhauled its cable-chain, and the black anchor was let go in the water-front of Constantinople. The Algerines and Greeks went down the gangway. The hatches were lifted, the steam winch at work, and the lighters alongside, before the breakfast-table was set in the cabin. Stevedores were shouting in Greek when the Unknown went up the rigging to look on the beautiful city.

Beautiful it was in the morning light. Minarets, mosques, seraglios, a glory of pillar, dome, and white stone. Asiatic Stamboul, European Pera, a strip of sea, like a pathway of amethyst, between the old and the new. A polyglot city, with eighteen languages and three Sundays. The envy of Europe. From Belisarius to Omar Pacha, the

price of blood. Bismarck and Beaconsfield playing diplomatic cards to keep the Cossack out of St. Sophia. The pendulum of Fate swinging between London and Berlin. The clock of doom to strike the hour when either nation is on its knees. Moscow shadows the mosque.

The water-ways sparkled with caiques and oar-blades. The red fez caps of the rowers as plentiful as blood poppies in a field of barley. Scutari looked down on the scene, with its cypress trees, and the headstones of three thousand British dead from Alma, Inkerman, and the trenches of Sebastopol. A hubbub on deck brought the Unknown out of the rigging. A Greek had played a rough joke on the boatswain, who promptly knocked him down. Knives were drawn and a general riot fairly on the way. It ended in two of the crew throwing the Greek overboard, his companions wisely going back to the hatchways. They were vengeful and swift, but no match for British muscle. Rice is no match for beef—a fact that explains Plassey and Chilianwallah. Meat, boiled and roasted, is at the bottom of England's dominion in India. Beef is a force in history.

THE SHELL WITH A MISSION.

The discharge of the second steward and his committal for theft was being discussed by the captain and mate. The Unknown was in their confidence, and he plainly saw that the prospects of Bruce were anything but hopeful. He had a plan of rescue formulated, and made up his mind to set about it at once. An hour's delay involved serious consequences. He found Bruce in a state of suspense, and sitting with his face in his hands by the fore-peak. He reversed a ship's bucket and sat down.

"Are you guilty of the charge on the log-book, Bruce?"

"I am, sir."

"Have you any friends?"

"Not here, sir. The best I have is my old mother, selling haddock and sprats to-day at a stand in the fish market at Liverpool. As good an old soul as ever was raised on Scotch porridge or had a seat in a kirk. She'll cry over the haddock when she hears o' this."

"How do you feel about it?"

"Feel, sir! If I was going to Newgate, I couldn't feel worse." He rubbed his eyes on his

sleeve. "Sir, I'd do anything to get out o' this scrape."

"Are you quite sure of that?"

"No fears, sir, but I am."

"Well, I want you to do one thing. Wait a bit, and I'll tell you."

The Unknown took a shell from his jacket pocket and wrote inside, "I promise to drink no more intoxicating liquors this voyage."

"Sign that, my lad, if you honestly mean to keep it." It was promptly signed, "John Bruce."

"Now, my lad, if you ever prayed in your life, you need it now. An hour's time sees you lost or saved. Go down the forecastle, and do as I tell you."

Bruce disappeared below. The Unknown went aft. The captain and mate were still in conference over a bottle of wine.

"Captain, please examine this shell," said the Unknown.

"What about it? It's only the half of a deep-sea cockle. Is it a curio or has it a history?"

"Sir, it is both. It's the first of the kind, and I hope the last you'll ever see."

"Something like O'Brien's pothooks is it?"

"Sir, it has the same object, but another subject. It's a shell with a mission."

The mate winked his weather eye. The captain lit a cigar, and contemplated the Unknown through the smoke, ejaculating at intervals, in his picturesque fashion, "An odd fish. Strangest bit of timber I ever saw on salt water or dry land. On lifeboat service all the time, picking up the fellows that ought to drown. Pothooks and sea-shells. A new plan of salvation. A rescue in the wind, I'll be bound."

"Just so, sir," said the Unknown.

"Who this time? A Greek or a Briton? Man, boy, or devil? Which?"

"A combination of the three, sir. A man in work, a boy in years, and a devil in the shell."

"Interesting!" said the autocrat of the Latonia.

"What's his name?"

"Read the shell, captain, and spare me the task of offending your ears."

"Writing in a shell. Literature in a cockle. Good for Paternoster Row. It is a curio." He put down his cigar, and read in his deep sea voice: "'I promise to drink no more intoxicating liquors this voyage. John Bruce.' The son of a swab, damn him. Do you take me for a fool?"

"I would, sir, on one condition.

"Pray, sir, what's that?"

"If you fail to see the difference between saving a man and sending him to the devil," was the answer.

"Blunt, sir, blunt, as the thick end of a marling-spike. I'll be hanged if I do Bruce that favor."

"Worse than that, sir, if you don't."

"A hangman's noose is easier round a man's neck than remorse under his shirt. I'm justified in punishing that scoundrel."

"You are, sir, if you do it the right way."

"What do you call the right way?"

"Punishment with reform as its object, sir. We may punish a pickpocket by putting a brand on him, but that does no good unless we bring him round to see that an honest penny is better than a stolen shilling."

"What do you think of this oddity in white trousers, Rogers?" said the captain to the mate.

"I should like to be a chip o' the same block, sir."

"Ho, ho!" said the captain. "If he goes another voyage on the Latonia, the old craft will be a Mersey Bethel. Will you be godfather and general nurse to this Bruce, if I take him back?"

"I will be all that, with the constable thrown in, sir."

"What do you say, Rogers?"

"Try him, sir."

"Two to one. I'm in a minority. Damn it. Here's your shell. Put it in Brown's Museum, with a notice that the Latonia gave a drunken swab a chance to go to heaven via Liverpool. Are you satisfied?"

"I am, sir. Thank you."

"All right! all right! You'll be fooled some day, tacking angels' wings on sailors' ribs."

"Nobody knows, sir."

Bruce was saved. He landed at Liverpool without a red nose.

Harbor life is full of incident. Discipline is more or less relaxed. Jack goes ashore. If he has a shilling it goes with him. He gets into dram-shops, houses of ill-fame, and jails. Cobwebs for sea-flies are deftly spread along the quays and in loathsome quarters, where the devil is better known than the policeman. Bar-tenders smile, Jezebels paint, pimps flourish, dead men are found in sewers. The Latonia was no exception in this experience. The most reckless of the crew went on the usual land expedition. One man never re-

turned. He might have deserted. That was unlikely. He might be at the bottom of the Golden Horn. That was more likely. Dead men are not scarce in its blue waters. The Unknown had his hands full of work. Sponging bloody faces, sousing swollen heads in pails of water, and taking a turn at the watch for inebriates at night by the gangway and the ship's bell. Bruce came out of the ordeal sound and sober, but the Unknown was not easy till the anchor was heaved and the Latonia on its way to the Gulf of Smyrna.

Old Smyrna! White-haired city of the Gulf. For two thousand years and more a fact of adobe and stone, with its foot in the sea and its head on a mountain. A memory of John, the Apostle of love; Paul, the Plato of Christendom, and grand old Polycarp, with his white beard in the fagots of the amphitheatre. Apart from history, commonplace enough. An Asiatic Whitechapel, a winevat, and a warehouse for figs and Sultana raisins. A Turkish sentry-box and tanneries by the sea, with the watchful sharks looking out for dead sailors and the skins of calves and goats.

CHOLERA-MORBUS AND PIGTAIL.

It was Sunday morning when the *Latonia* anchored off the Smyrna pier, and lay all day in the blue water like a sleeping turtle. The Unknown was prostrated with cholera-morbus. The steward, who had charge of the medicine-chest, had exhausted his remedies, and said the sick man would die. The captain, who was going to Ephesus for a few days, took a long look at the invalid, who had been laid under the deck-awning, abaft of the wheel. The mate was standing by, with a misty and far-away look in his blue eyes.

"Rogers," said the captain, "if he turns up his toes before I come back, you'll find a chunk of pig-iron in the forepeak for the hammock. It's good for a trip to Davy Jones."

"All right, sir. I hope, in the name o' God, it won't be wanted."

"Nobody knows. Is the gig at the gangway?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good-morning."

The mate fetched a pillow from below and a glass of old Cognac. "Take a snicker o' that, sir. It's prime stuff for the cramps. A drop o' new life for you. Can I get you anything else? I've got

to turn in for a snooze. Not a wink o' sleep for two nights. Heavy seas and a nasty snap o' wind from a crack in the mountains. The sheep and poultry gone by the board, and a boat stove in. I'll send O'Leary aft with a bucket o' water to sprinkle on the deck. Don't give up. You are on the channel side o' the bar yet."

"Shoal water, Rogers. Keel scratching the bottom, but a hand I can trust at the end of the tow-line. It's all right. Sunshine on the Scroby."

The mate went "forrard" with instructions for the boatswain, and to suspend the rule that prohibited the crew from going aft except when on duty.

"It beats all, Tom," he said, "the kind o' faith back there under the awning, with no signals o' distress, and a man tied up in a knot with the cramps, and a big shark cruising astern waiting to crunch his bones."

"Ay, ay, sir, a kind o' cable old Tom would like to swing on when it comes his turn for the anchor o' life to put its tooth in a harbor bottom."

O'Leary went aft with his swab and bucket. A rough piece of humanity. Six feet of bronze, and a pair of bare arms tattooed with black anchors, stars, and mermaids. He sprinkled water on the

hot planks, and took his seat on the bucket by the sick man, fanning him gently with a handkerchief which the Unknown had given him to wrap round a sore throat when on night watch in the Bay of Biscay.

"It's sick yer be, this morning, sir," he said, in a husky voice, "wid the cramps a-twisting yer loike a warp in a hawser, and yer sticks o' fingers crook'd loike a bunch o' hooks, and niver a doctor to rub the pain out o' yer or put a drap o' cordial down yer throat," and the faithful fellow went on chewing his pigtail, and privately swearing at the flies creeping over the sick man's face. He swung the handkerchief, counted his beads, and muttered his Ave Marias in true Kerry fashion.

"Would yer loike a drap o' wather, sir?"

"I would, my lad, but it's too warm to do me any good."

"Yez be right, sir. It's only fit for tadpoles. P'rhaps the steward has a lemon. Good Lord, sur, another cramp on yez! I'll get the steward to yez in a jiffy."

The steward came with a compound of pain-killer, chlorodyne, Jamaica ginger, laudanum, and every drug likely to ease pain, soused in old Cognac. It was poured down the sick

man's throat, the steward remarking, "It's the last I can do, sir. Kill or cure, Nobody knows." The mixture was helpful. The bent limbs straightened out. The eyes closed in sleep. O'Leary bunched the pillow, wiped the face, and kept his watch on the flies. The crew straggled aft one at a time. Some lingered, all went away with a lump in the throat. The boatswain pulled his tawny beard, muttered "Good God," and went to his bunk. The stow-away had a cry by himself under a tarpaulin stretched over the main hatch, and Bruce went back to his bunk with a quiver on his lips.

Not a matter of any moment perhaps in a social sense, this exhibit of humane instincts by mere rovers of the sea, who pull ropes and reef sails, and eventually drop down the death abyss, with no tear to follow down the crack. Whooping cough in a royal cradle has more interest for such of the human family as see glory in carrying a satchel for a duke, and know nothing of sympathy for suffering that has less than ten thousand a year. For all that of mummery and folly, that Sunday procession of pigtail and dungaree on the Latonia was nearer the throne of God than any march set to music under the windows of the

Tuileries. Naked feet, bare breasts, bad grammar, and the smell of tar. What of that? Did not the Nazarene ride on the back of a wild ass?

When the Unknown awoke he was being fanned by a Scotch engineer. "You'll be bonny, lad, after that sleep. You hae nae heard a footfa' for five hours. The lads hae been stepping on eggs all day. The ship as quiet as the auld kirk in Glashan when Murdoch gives oot the benediction. Sleep and a gude conscience is mighty gude medicine. You are nae going into the harbor lights this trip, if Alec MacGregor knows the difference twae death and life."

MacGregor was right. The Unknown rallied, and the next Sabbath found him at his old post in the fore-castle, the Latonia bowling along the African coast, homeward bound.

The Smyrna incident added to the moral influence of the Unknown, and we might chronicle events and happenings not lacking in pathos and permanent influence. Enough to say that, between Tenedos and Holyhead, he learned of fore-castle biographies, bracketed with facts, not heard over the ship's side nor kept in booksellers' stores. Nobleness, heroism, sacrifice, suffering, shame, pathos and tragedy, bound in canvas covers, and

fastened with clasps of cliffs and capes. A book
with a padlock.

THE BROKEN SHELL.

An Idyll of the Gulf.

A broken shell amid the drift
Of anemone and weed,
Of yellow sand and shining stone,
And plume of ocean seed.

In lonely splendor rudely torn
From caverns of the sea,
A royal waif of form and light
And Neptune's majesty.

And once within the broken curve,
A pearl of beauty rare,
Amid the bloom of blushing hues
Its virgin glory bare.

A blossom from the salty deep
To beautify a throne,
And add the light of shining snow
With gems and jasper stone.

The gold and glow of natal shell
To vanish in the wave,
And thro' the centuries to shine
The pearl it blindly gave.

And such the law of human souls
The broken shells behind,
Conditions of the higher life
Ere we the highest find.

In change, and loss, and crude regrets,
Bespoke the life to be,
As in the babble of a brook,
The music of the sea.

O brother ! 'mid the voiceless drift
Of broken hopes and plan,
The ashes of the sacrifice,
The glory of the man !

For death itself but disinters
The spirit from the clay,
To resurrect the spirit-pearl
It breaks the shell away.

A NOMAD OF THE DEEP.

O'Leary, of whom mention was made, was a genuine ocean tramp. An outcast, hero, and friendless man. His only vice rum. Drink he would, and drink he did, and the chances were good that when grog had destroyed his liver the devil would get the rest. He was sinewed like a bull. His breath would kill a carrion-fly. He had been frost-bitten at the North Pole, sun-struck on the equator, broken one of his legs on the coast of France, his collar-bone and jaw in the Barbadoes, and had been shot clean through the body when doing land service for Uncle Sam along the Potomac. He had been left ashore drunk at Ceylon, dead-headed his way to Calcutta, drank arrack and begged old biscuit, got a lift to Singapore, and struck there again on the old shoal. Hunger and fever made him a bag of bones. A charitable captain took him along to the Bristol Channel, and he came on board the *Latonia* with no cap on his tawny skull, without shoes, with but one shirt, and a pair of pants, part dungaree and the rest old canvas. His nose was a lump of red clay. A metal ring adorned each ear. His beard was as tangled as a

door-mat, and a ship in full sail was silhouetted on his breast. Grotesque and picturesque. Civilization as it comes out of a stone jug holding two gallons, and a marine service with no conscience.

Poor Mike ! Part sinner, the rest misfortune, but still a man. Kind and brave. Champion of the weak. Nurse of the sick. Faithful in yellow fever. Fearless in a gale. Sharing a last sixpence with a beggar. Saving a cabin-boy in the Caribbean Sea. Not once, twice, or thrice, but many times. Sacrifices and heroisms enough to make a dozen of such modern gods as have their chromos in windows and their heads in plaster-of-Paris. History is full of cheap heroics. A little pea under a big thimble. An ounce hammer in a ton bell. An acre of dust from the scratch of a crow. While by wash-tubs, pickaxes, tar-pots, and ropes' ends are kings and queens uncrowned.

O'Leary was the sport of the crew. He who has the least of silver and shoe-leather gets the most of social abuse on sea and land. It's so in every department of life. A penny tyrannizes over a farthing as a shilling does over a penny. It's the same tune. One on a tin whistle, the other on a silver cornet. The lion bites the ox ;

the cat swallows the mouse. It is simply a difference in degree. One yard of calico or twenty, but all off the same bolt.

O'Leary accepted abuse as he did salt junk. Neither was desirable, but both were unavoidable. What his stomach did with one his good temper did with the other.

His rags and ill treatment made him a special object of sympathy for the Unknown. It was this that put a 'kerchief round his throat in the Bay of Biscay, and that found him protection with the mate and the boatswain. It shared his midnight watch, and finally weaned him from the black bottle. In all his strange, eventful life this was his first experience of persistent and disinterested friendship since his mother's head went under Kerry turf. It conquered the old sea-dog, and he was as trusty as the best on the top-yards in a gale, or on the bowsprit in a heavy sea. His only anxiety was Liverpool. He might be discharged and thrown once more in the wolfish maw of the pimp. He knew his failing. Misfortune pulled the cork of the rum-bottle. As he tersely put it, "A man in a ten-foot hole needs more than a five-foot rope to pull him out. Will yez do your best for me, sur?" he said to the Unknown,

as one night the Holyhead light danced on the Channel sea. "I will," was the brief reply. O'Leary was saved from the pimps of Scotland Road. How? Nobody knows. The Latonia was made fast in the dock at Birkenhead. The Unknown disappeared with his bag in the direction of the ferry. Inquiries were made by certain sailor folk for his whereabouts, but, as the mother of John Bruce put it: "Ye dinna know where angels fly. Gude men nae blow a horn, tho' I'd gae my best haddock to sae the mon as saved my laddie; but Naebody knows."

NOTHING IS LOST.

A Meditation after a Voyage.

Nothing is lost !

Tho' in the scope of all we see or feel,
The stealth of change and dumb decay ;
No void but in its gloom, unsearched,
A light, illumined with lights that fade away.

Nothing is lost !

Of crumbling atom or of falling sphere,
Or dust of worlds that float in space ;
Extinction ! But the mystery that veils
A change of substance or of dwelling-place.

Nothing is lost !
Of loveliness, whate'er its shape or hue,
It is but as a trail of sun,
Moving beyond our lines of failing sight,
In other circles yet unseen to run.

Nothing is lost !
In world of harmonies and subtle sound,
In human soul or ocean shell ;
But heard beyond—in some far melody
No ear can note or mortal tongue can tell.

Nothing is lost !
Of human faith, or hopes unquenchable
In stillness, or in utter death—
The higher notes are in the anthem yet,
Tho' faltering and spent the singer's breath.

Nothing is lost !
Of kindness planned or charities bestowed,
Each has its step in time to keep,
Tho' he who thought and he who bravely toiled
Are hidden now in tents of death—asleep.

Nothing is lost !
Of aspiration or of wordless prayer,
The voiceless echo of a need ;

As hunger may across the tawny sands
A panting flock to living pastures lead.

Nothing is lost !
Of any blow, however feebly struck,
That smites the crooked blade of wrong,
It wakes from ease, to sleep again no more,
The soldiers of the right—equipped and strong.

Nothing is lost !
My brother ! Cease thy future to deny,
Thy days but merged in days to be ;
As what is less must in the greater end,
So is, so comes thy immortality.

CHAPTER VII.

THE BISHOP O' NUMBER TWO.

NUMBER TWO was a pilot cutter of the old school. Trim and stout. Strength more than speed her famous point. The oldest boat of the kind on the coast. An old salt dating back to times when the smuggler's lugger sailed out of Hamburg or St. Malo on dark nights, and came back to English coves with tobacco and brandy, and bales of contraband silks and shawls. Spars of frigates, and planks of old seventy-fours, still in the white rack, surging up and down the Gat ways and channels since the days of Collingwood and Nelson. Number Two, with its broad bow and black sides, well known to captains from the Fiords of Norway and the Gulf of Finland, to fishing fleets from Kilmarnock and Rotterdam, and luggers from Cherbourg and Brest. A saucy and gallant little craft, shipping pilots in stormy weather, and never known to put her nose in a sand-bank or lose a ship.

The crew consisted of two men—master and mate, brown of face and hard of hand, handling ropes and cracking sea-biscuits since they could handle a marling-spike or heave a yard of chain-cable.

Of pilots there were six. A set of old sea-dogs seasoned with years, and well soaked with pigtail and rum. Two of these with hair white as wool on their square jaws and over their cavernous eyes. Mahogany faces in a bunch of Carolina cotton.

Into such a boat and such a company the Unknown was quietly dumped, one starlight night, off the Eastern coast. The old bag was stowed in a bunk for a pillow. Greetings were of the sailor fashion—rough and hearty, and redolent of smoke and rum. Smoke that was smoke, pungent and dense, clouding the swinging lamp and fetching tears out of the eyes. Rum that was rum, unwatered, odorous as brimstone, and full of nausea, headaches, and fire.

Talk was equally spicy. Oaths strong as peppercorns. Yarns made up of wrecks, tornadoes, mutinous lascars, yellow fever, forecastle ghosts, and such like scraps of history, tragedy, and superstition, till a change of the tide made a demand on all hands to heave the anchor and set sail.

A deep-sea chorus. The clink of the winch, the creak of the boom, and Number Two dipped her nose in the sea and glided by the light-ships and the anchored brigs into the deeps. Next day a sail in sight. A smudge on the sea-line slowly shaping into a square piece of white canvas. As she comes up in the sun her top-masts are golden sticks, her ropes like spider threads on a white-washed wall, and her bowsprit a yellow finger dipping its tip in waves of milk. A glorious sight, rolling and pitching in the gold and silver of the waters, and every spar in a quiver of light and color. She signals for a pilot, backs her main-yard, and paws at the sea, like a racer held in a bit, till the pilot is over her chains, the main-sail swings once more to the wind, and the stately barque, in an hour's time, is once again a smudge, a shadow, a speck, and a blank.

Number Two goes on her cruise for another smudge, here and there, as the wind blows, and as the smudges come and go, among the smacks trawling for plaice and soles. The herring fleet, with its miles of nets, and the sparkle of fish-scales on its black planks. The smoke of Hamburg steamers, and the iron leviathans from Hull and the Tyne. Off the shallows of Blakeney and

Lynn, with blue guernsied figures dredging for oysters and cockles, and shrimpers in tiny boats scraping the sand-bars with their nets, and far away down the throat of the North Sea, with its sullen and dirty waters. So on. Week in and week out. Shipping seas that surged into the lower bunks, and flinging spray that struck the face like hail and stung like nettles. It was the fall of the year, and the equinoctials swept the seas with a broom of storms. The loss of life was great. Dead men, and sou'-westers without owners, went by on the surge. The copper bottoms of capsized ships glinted under the stars. Wreckage in a tangle of ropes and spars, with here and there a white face to make it horrible, drifted in to the land or out to the deeps. A carnival of death. A Waterloo of winds and waters. The Unknown had brine to swallow with the rest. He was buffeted and bruised. Looked into the abysses that might have a grave at their bottom, but kept up a cheerful spirit. Always ready for his dinner or a pull at a rope. "Lads," said a pilot, "the wind is blowing dead east, and the Scroby is our lee shore. The old hag is spitting at the stars. I see the lights o' a big ship bearing down across our course. If she hits Number Two,

we've had our last cruise. We must make a flare o' the tar-bucket and keep her off. Give me a match, and all hands by the sheets." It was a wild scene. The barque was showing her lights, now on a crest of billow, now in the bottom of a hollow. The waves were mountains of black slate, with crags that were breaking off in huge masses, churning the seas into acres of spume and spray. Winds whistled above and fairly thundered below. Number Two was a bonfire lighting up the awful spaces. The keel of the bark was over the mast of the cutter, suspended like an avalanche on an Alp. "My God!" said Thompson. "I haven't a God," said Hutton, "I only wish I had." "All's well, my lads," said the Unknown, "sink or swim, my God is here."

A swoop, a shadow, a black hull, a yellow light, a snap in the bowsprit, and the barque swept by into the darkness, to break her ribs that night on the old Scroby. Hutton, when out of his oil-skins, took the Unknown by the hand and huskily said, "You have knocked Tom Paine out o' Joe Hutton. Arguments are good enough in fair weather, but facts count in foul." Hutton was a modern agnostic. Renan and Strauss, Bradlaugh and Voltaire, Colenso and Tom Paine,

were his authorities and teachers, and many an hour had been spent in questioning the faith of the Unknown. With what success? Ask the Scroby. A week after the Scroby incident, Number Two was riding at anchor below the Cockle Gat. The Unknown had spent the evening with Pilot Hutton, and, in company with him and his family, walked down to the pier, where the dingy was waiting to take them off to the cutter. Mrs. Hutton took occasion to tell the Unknown of his influence with her husband. "Stick to him, sir, for my sake and his children's sake. I've had him to churches and lectures, but no good. The curate of the parish tried his best, but 'twas only writing your name on water. It's just a wonder, sir. He lays it all to what you said at the Scroby. I'll never look at the black buoy that is bobbing up and down at the mouth of the Gat without thinking of you and dear old Hutton. You are doing good with them sinners in oil-skins. God bless you—the Bishop of Number Two."

"I thank you, Mrs. Hutton, but Nobody knows who was at the bottom of Hutton's change. It might be a ton of salt water. It might be some word of your own."

"I know who it is," said Mrs. Hutton.

"I don't," said the Unknown.

The dingy was waiting at the pier, and Devereaux, an old pilot of Number Two, was going down the pier steps to get aboard. He was full of rum and damns. He made a misstep and fell into the sea. His white head appeared on the weather side of the boat, and he was promptly grabbed by the collar, full of fury and salt water.* He was well shaken, and what he might have of the German Ocean in his throat was sent where it came from. His first intelligent anxiety was the fate of his white hat. His first words: "My bottle! My bottle! Have I lost my bottle?"

"Good-bye," said Mrs. Hutton.

"The devil," said Devereaux.

A positive and cross-grained man, this Devereaux. What he said was law. His opinions were of granite—unchangeable. If he said shrimps were lobsters, he never retracted. He was so contradictory, that if the mate reported a brig, he persisted in calling it a schooner. A sailor of the old school. The era of press-gangs and cat-o'-nine-tails. Blunt, stern, and apparently devoid of all sentiment. He was scarred, tattooed, sun-bronzed, and wrinkled. As familiar with danger as he was with plum-duff, pigtail, and old rum. Had been

stabbed by lascars. Painted with yellow fever in the Gulf of Mexico. Tied up in knots with cholera in Calcutta. Washed overboard with hencoops and spare spars off the Flamboro' Lights; and been wrecked, once, twice, and three times on the Irish Sea and the Spanish main. He took a rough fancy to the Unknown, who helped him out of his bunk, washed his face, and put his white hair in order, when some ship lay by with her signals out for a pilot. He was grateful for these attentions, in spite of the fact that the Unknown would sometimes empty his black bottle in the scuppers. Of all his marine studies, that of this man was the most grotesque and pathetic. Old to veneration. The silvered crown of a patriarch. A man with the positive and pugnacious qualities that have made Cromwells and Wallaces. Of iron frame; even now, in his dotage, a make-up of grand proportions and steel sinews. An experienced navigator, with the charts of all seas under his snowy hair. Yet debauched and drunken. Bloodshot eyes, purple veins, and fingers failing to guide a lighted match to the bowl of his pipe. Haunted with delirium tremens. Begging the Unknown to take the snakes off his bosom, and to drive away the imps that put their long

noses in his bunk, and fingers of fire on his throat. A man already delivered to judgment; a liver of cinder and brains all brimstone. For all of that, and maybe as a reason therefor, an old man with a broken heart. A trickling of tears in a case of leather. An angel with broken wings shrined in salt junk. Can it be that mercy has its messengers at the gate of doom? Stars on the brink of the great abyss? Lights that glimmer along the black Eternities? It may be so. We think it is. It was so with Devereaux.

“MY LITTLE NELL.”

Voices in the cabin of Number Two were mostly coarse and loud. There were times when in a cataract of oaths there fell a sudden hush. It followed a plaintive wail from the bunk of the old pilot: “My Little Nell.” One heard it in the dead of the night when the footfall of the silent watch was heard on the deck, and the wash of the sea at the bow, and the south winds in the rigging were its only attending sounds. It came to be a musical tinkle, as of some sheep-bell from the daisies of the downs. No one chided. No one spoke. It was like the “Nunc Dimittis” in St. Paul’s. Save the choristers, all else are dumb.

"Who is Little Nell?" asked the Unknown of Devereaux.

"Little Nell, sir. Little Nell. Nobody's angel, sir, but old Billy's."

Devereaux was squatted on a ship's bucket. His elbows on his knees, and a square lion jaw resting in the palms of his mahogany hands. His eyes were seaward, but it was not the green and white waves he was looking at. Over them, into the spaces, where nothing travels but the wings of angels and the prayers of men. The purple veins, twisting like vine-stems and ivy on his throat and forehead, were swollen and palpitating. His bloodshot eyes were balls of blue glass in a net-work of red threads. The pigtail he was masticating was staining his beard with its black blood. Bacchus in bronze. His mind was wandering, and he was for a time unconscious of his silent listener. He ejaculated to himself in a spasmodic fashion: "Wake up, little white face. . . . How long? How long? . . . The blue stars o' eyes, where are they? . . . Blown out like a candle in a snap o' the wind. . . . Old Billy is here. Home from a cruise. A bag o' shawls, silks, coral, and shells, all the way from Singapore. . . . No, you say.

No. No. . . . No more? Not once? . . .
Cold, dead hands. . . . Only asleep, sir, that's all.
. . . . Whose baby is that? Nay, nay, sir. . . .
Only a child. A mother? A sinner? A corpse?
. . . . No shame in that white patch o' snow, sir.
. . . . White as a daisy, Nell, ain't ye? My lamb,
with no spot on the wool. . . . Palsy the hand
that did it. . . . Ho, ho! another cruise, and
no Nell. Where's my bottle?" and his red eyes
looked appealingly at the Unknown. "A dram.
A thimbleful. A drop. My stomach is a clinker
o' hot coal." "Burning up, and half cinder al-
ready," said the Unknown. "Put water on the
fire, sir, and not wood, and save yourself from
being a lump of charcoal. Not a drop of rum
for you this night, if I can help it. Take a drink
of lime-juice." He drank, and resumed his story:

"Nell was all I had left o' kin in this world, sir.
Her mother, father, and grandmother, all in a
row, on the south side o' Harmouth churchyard.
She was my pet. She climbed into my arms when
I come home from a cruise, and had a ring o' white
arms for my old leather neck. A daisy, sir. Gen-
tle as a lamb, sweet as a posy o' pinks, and a
pair o' eyes like stars a-peeping through blue win-
dows. She tidied up my room when she knew I

was a-coming home. A bunch o' wallflowers and a clean pillow for old Billy. I was as sure o' seeing the little white hat at the gate as I was o' seeing the compass in the binnacle. I ain't no reputation for being tender-hearted. 'Old Pig-Iron' was my name on board ship, for making sick men dance up the shrouds in a squall, and cracking coolies' heads with a marling-spike if they had a word against going overboard after a bucket, with a big shark smelling its slops. No kind o' softness in old Billy for a man or a turtle, but somehow when Little Nell laid her head o' flax on my arms I softened up, and when I thought o' her gentle ways, far off as the Bahamas, I couldn't kick a man with the yellow fever for the life o' me. A kind o' angel, sir, to old Billy was Little Nell. One day I brought a gent from London to the house. An artist in a gray suit o' Tweed cloth, a diamond on his white hand, and a tongue like a wisp o' wick dipped in oil. Lots o' money and good manners. His picturs o' fishermen, old breakwaters, and brigs along the quay were as natural as life. I liked the man. He came and went as he chose, week in and week out. I went away on a long cruise, and comes back thinking o' Nell. I had got her a necklace o' mother-o'-pearl, lots o'

little trinkets, and as pretty a parrot as ever cracked nuts in Peru. There was no white hat at the old gate. Nobody on Nell's chair under the red roses. The window-blinds were all drawn and a bunch o' crape was hanging on the handle o' the door. Lord, how I felt! I dropped the parrot and went into the house in full sail. Old Martha put her apron to her eyes and took me into the little parlor. I seed what was up in a jiffy. A white sheet over a coffin. My heart broke when I pulled it off and saw Nell, white and cold, with a rose in her flaxen hair and a dead baby on her childish bosom. Good God! My slaughtered lamb. Never been the same since. Rum, rum, to drown the thoughts o' Little Nell. What's your opinion o' the fate o' that devil in a gray suit that broke the heart o' a child and ruined old Billy?"

"Hell!" said the Unknown.

"Ay, ay, sir, and Billy's hand on his throat, to souse him in the sulphur!"

"Nay, sir. Not so. God pays His own bills. He has millstones to grind such sinners into powder."

"What about an old sinner like me, with only one white spot in his life—Little Nell?"

"You are the man He wants. It's the lost He seeks."

"Too late in the day, and the tide running wrong, for me to port the helm and run the old hulk up the river o' life," said the old man.

"Not so. Nell has the tow-line in her hands. Take my advice, Devereaux. Change your course, empty the rum into the scuppers, and keep a watch in the bow, till you see the white frock on the golden shore."

The old face for a moment lost its sottishness and brutality. There was light somewhere. Was Little Nell holding the candle?

There is a picture of Number Two on the wall of the room where Nell died, to be given to the "Bishop" when the old pilot ends his days. It is said that the "Old Devereaux" was left at sea, and a "New Devereaux" came ashore. How it so came about Nobody knows.

AN OCEAN STUDY.

From the Bowsprit of Number Two.

Spread o'er the sky and trailing down
The purple spaces of the sea,

The utter darkness of the night,
Unsearched by single star of light—
A black and blank obscurity.

Old Ocean ! blind and ponderous,
In sullen grandeur slowly shapes
Its moving Alps of heaving brine ;
And hurls the broken mountain line
On savage crags and sandy capes.

The tortured echoes of the air,
A resonance of waking storm,
Bewail the agitated flood ;
And falls the snow of pallid scud
Around its ever-changing form.

And 'mid the wail of element,
The sadder strain of human cry,
As life subsiding at its springs
Dips in the deep its broken wings,
In lonely helplessness to die.

And navies girt in plates of steel,
A majesty of sail and spar
Reel on the precipice of wave,
Or in its chasms find a grave
Beneath the far and blinded star.

And sepulchred in solitudés
Unsearchable below the deep,
The fisher lad and pilot gray
Await the trump of Judgment Day,
To wake them from their Ocean sleep.

For all thy awfulness, O Sea !
Is but the shadowed will of Him
Who spills His terrors in thy cup,
To call thy sleeping forces up
To break upon its silver brim.

And gone from the Eternal lip
The unrevoked and set decree,
That in the closing scenes sublime,
Of falling Worlds and dying Time,
Old Ocean ! thou shalt cease to be.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE NEW KIND O' RAILWAY MAN.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE is full of business and hard work. Of coal, iron, and smoke it has enough and to spare. Its population is characterized by energy and muscle. Iron kings, coal barons, oarsmen, boxers, with a grand old roll of historic liberals, thinkers, and philanthropists. A great place is Newcastle-on-Tyne, the Rome of the industrial Cæsars, the Tyre and Sidon of shipmasters sending stout brigs through the Egyptian isthmus and round Cape Horn. The "Geordie" of the Tyne is the iron man of the sea. He sleeps on a wet plank, cracks his biscuit on pig-iron and coal, has a chorus for the stormiest weather, swims like a porpoise, and works like an ox, on land or sea—these Tyne sidlers of tough whipcord fibre. Neither pulpy nor indolent, but a progressive and indomitable people, a contrast with the heavy-limbed, snail-paced, and unambitious peasantry of the fen counties and the East-

ern coast. The one a patient steer, the other a mettled horse.

The Unknown had come up the Tyne with a quota of this docile humanity. Migrating north for employment. Nine shillings a week, boiled dough for dinner, and a smock for a coat, had been their limit of earthly good. Many had never been ten miles from home. A ship or a locomotive was a revelation to this rusticity. Dumped off a coasting steamer on a Newcastle quay, they were as embarrassed and timid as a flock of sheep in Smithfield cattle-market. It was pitiable and ludicrous. Children with beards, and weighing one hundred and seventy pounds. The Unknown rallied the crowd, and leaving his bag in their charge, strode off in the din and the smoke to find them cheap lodgings, and such agencies as were in operation to direct idle men to the depots of perspiration and eighteen shillings a week. He succeeded in his mission, and the last smock moved off the quay to some temporary home and cheap bed.

"Any siller for that kind o' business?" said a stevedore with a black beard and a gang of Geordias.

"No, sir. At least not of the kind that pays for shoes," said the Unknown.

"Done out o' kindness, eh? Good enow, laddie, but it gies nae porridge for your ain plate."

"I've porridge to eat that never goes in a pot," was the reply.

"I ken yer meaning, sir," said the man respectfully. "Be yer a sojer, sir? Ye has the stamp o' one. I've a laddie in India. Kinder reckless, ance. Now the revarse o' the de'il. Kinder strange. All come aboot by a lad in Horwich barracks."

"What is his name?" asked the Unknown.

"——," said the stevedore. "Did yer hear tell o' the lad, sir?"

"Perhaps I have," said the Unknown, with a lump in his throat. "Which is my way to the station of the Northeastern? Thank you." He shouldered his bag and trudged up the street.

"I'll be bound he knows my lad," said the stevedore.

"Thank God for that India news," said the Unknown. "What will the harvest be? Nobody knows. Sore feet. Norfolk in lodgings. India heard from. What next?"

THE OLD BOOK-STALL.

The Unknown put down his bag by an old book-stall. This portable library was on wheels, and evidently home-made. Simply a dry-goods box manipulated into a counter and covered with a square of stained cloth. For wet weather it had a protection of the same material. The literature, as spread out for the public eye, was of a varied nature. Books ancient and modern—Thomas à Kempis and Claude Duval, Missals, Psalters, old Bibles, and the Newgate Calendar. The proprietor was himself homogeneous. He was dressed like a shoemaker, and looked like a curate. He had a costermonger's cap and a clerical vest. A grave and sedate man, with tobacco-juice on his chin, as behooved a composite character. Eloquent by turns on the merits of Dick Turpin and the theology of John Bunyan. The Unknown examined his stock. There was one book that seemed to rivet his attention. It could be bought for threepence. "Look at it, sir," said the old man. "'Twill bear the looking. Gold, sir, for just a threepenny bit. Sixpennorth o' reading in a farthing's worth o' time. Better take it,

'twill go to-night, sure. It's spoke for already by a sojer sergeant."

It was a military biography. A scrap of history not generally dipped in printers' ink or found on parlor tables. Only the life of a man who tapped a kettle-drum for Victoria and carried a cross for Christ. Hussar and saint. One for ninepence a day and a blue uniform with yellow tassels, the other for the good of sinners, mud on his spurs and tobacco-juice spit in his face. Yet in this little volume, bound in cloth and selling for a shilling, re-living a life of consecration in the camps of Bengal and the barracks of Britain. His body in the clay of the Mersey uplands, his name and work surviving those of viscounts and captains with no record but a mustache, a fortune, and the gift of loving ladies and wine. So shine the candles of God when all that is left of Vanity Fair is a broken chandelier and the smell of old gas. The writer of this biography in boots and spurs, the Unknown himself. He had taken its facts from notes written by its consecrated subject. Written on a death-bed, on paper stained with blood that had oozed from the lips of the writer, and smelling of herring and Liverpool smoke. The

object of its publication financial aid to the dying writer's mother, a Scotch widow, who had the task of washing for a living and the honor of having a king for a son.

"Here is your threepence. Give it to the sergeant," said the stranger with a bag.

"Kind o' yer," said the old man. "It's books o' that kind they need in a barrack. Sojers ain't a bit too good, sir; but that one as the book tells on was a 'postle Paul in stirrups."

"Good-day."

"He's a rum un," said the bookseller.

"God bless the threepence," said the Unknown, as he shouldered his bag and went across the "High-level" bridge that spans the Tyne.

Night found him in Morpeth, a quaint old town in historic Northumbria, with memories of border raids, stolen cows, bloody claymores, Copes' dragoons, kilted clans, combats of Romans and Picts, and antique struggles, with Bruce and Wallace for leaders, Bannockburn and Culloden for national shrines.

A composite picture of castle, prison, and watch-tower. A thread of silver river twisting around the throat of buttercups and bluebells. Emerald levels of grass, and the scent of heather

on the north wind from the slopes of the Gram-pians.

Here the Unknown reported for duty in the service of a railroad corporation. It was his introduction to a new life. His position was humble. Excepting in salary it made no difference with him. His idea of work was not misfortune. As character is not cloth, so occupation is not manhood. Moral stature is not sawed off at the knees when its duty is a wheelbarrow and its instrument a spade. Wine is not changed when poured out of a silver cup into a stone jug. It is only the social fool that thinks it is. Society swallows rain-water every day and thinks it sherry, supposing the tankard insures the liquor. Man sold his birth-right for a mess of pottage when he made the service of labor the brand of a slave. It is this dish of lentils that is giving the nineteenth century the colic, Nihilistical and Anarchical.

To the Unknown, twelve hours a day and fourteen shillings a week was but one side of the labor question. Honor, conscience, duty, the other. In this matter—both in salary and happiness—he was possibly richer than his master. The old instinct of helping humanity into better conditions found means and material in old Mor-

peth. He went to his work on the old plan, looking for the lost piece of silver on the floor. Lost sheep, and not the folded flock, were his study. He sought out navvies and pitmen. The first-named a particularly rough set, an ostracized class of men, sturdy, dissolute, and pugnacious. In the industrial strata at the bottom there are layers of class distinction with laborers as with lords. Between a penny and a shilling there is a graded aristocracy. The navy was the penny. The Unknown selected the penny. He found time to visit, and talk, and read. He took no heed of rough talk or rude jokes. When the shovels were stowed and wheelbarrows piled, he was there in the soft twilight and under the stars.

A novelty in railway corduroy, stranger, curiosity, friend. Neither parson, missionary, nor fool. No pay, no honor, nor a groom waiting to take him home behind a fast horse. Who was he? What made him do it? Some of the more inquisitive went to the depot and interrogated the old orange-woman, who was there all day long selling her fruit and chestnuts. She "knew nothing, only that he was a new kind o' railway man. Of that she was sure, for he helped her up the

steps with her basket o' oranges and the sack o' nuts, sprinkled the platform round the stall to keep the dust off the cakes, brought passengers to buy fruit, and had a kind word for herself and her boy. If he sees after a rough set o' fellows like you, he's out o' my reckoning."

"It's nae agin the grain for the likes o' us to have a friend allers ready to write a letter, read a paper, and persuade us out o' a scrimmage and the tavern; the gist o' the wonder is, why a mon that hauls boxes all day should work half o' the night to right the likes o' us."

"Can't tell ye, lads. Can't tell ye. Naebody knows."

The navy is not a logician. When he gets in a mental cobweb he is there to stay till he drops out. His *rôle* is in facts and wheelbarrows, and not by any means in metaphysics. What the Unknown was doing was right enough. Why he did it?—that was the hump of the camel in the eye of the needle. A bishop at the same work would not have raised a hair on a navvy's arm, but it was the novelty "o' one o' our ain kind" usurping the Episcopate that made the men at the wheelbarrows wonder.

The democracy of goodness was unintelligible.

Always was so since Peter peddled fish and Paul made tents. Always will be so while a Stanley comes out of a workhouse and a Livingstone out of a cotton-mill. "Can anything good come out of Nazareth?" Time says, "Yes." Mrs. Grundy says, "No."

The Northumberland navvy was not for long either benefited or vexed with this moral enigma. A telegram from London, a bag on the Morpeth platform, and the Unknown was gone.

Two days later in Shoreditch, with its ceaseless clatter of horseshoes and wheels, and its populations of Jews, hucksters, and pickpockets. Another railway appointment, and an official pass to the city of Holchester. An old place, with an abbey in ruins, and ivy, shrines of saints, graves of martyrs, historic slabs of mitred heads and dead warriors.

A camp also, with streets of wooden huts, grenadiers, gunners, and dragoons. The country a garden of wheat and barley, of meadows and hedgerows. Men in smocks, children in pinafores, and oxen knee-deep in clover and buttercups. The scent of hops and the songs of birds. Rural, placid, and unspeakably narcotic.

The railway station a model of red brick, clean

platforms, and beds of geraniums. Here the Unknown went into a blue uniform and new duties. He was sent here for preliminary instruction, prior to more stirring service in the vast cobweb of London railways. A temporary attachment to the Holchester staff.

INSTRUCTOR TURTON.

Turton was a kindly man, with lots of red whisker and a considerable bulk of breast and belly. Between trains he drank porter and made the best of a long clay pipe. Everybody liked Turton, and Turton liked himself. He took his ease, ate, drank, and was merry. Fourteen stone of sound meat refusing to perspire and slowly going to the flies. Somebody for the Unknown to save. He commenced with a spade and a hoe.

The railway company had plats of land adjoining the station, that were distributed among its employés for their own use, as gardens for flowers and vegetables. Turton had his plat. The plat had little of Turton. He cared more for porter than potatoes. The Unknown borrowed a spade, and then he borrowed Turton, and they went into business with onions, cauliflowers, and lettuces.

The plat was by and by a picture. Turton found out that perspiration was as good for the body as it was for peas. The gallon of porter was reduced to a pint. Turton was richer and healthier. It was a discovery. A bar of soap and a good wash are the best means of teaching the gospel of cleanliness. Whitefield would fail where a pound of brown Windsor convinces. Turton was improving by just such common-sense appliances. His morals improved with his palate. He didn't die, as he thought he would, with hard work and cold water. He had heard good sermons in Peterborough Cathedral, but the handle of a hoe did him more good than a bishop.

"Who is that chum o' yourn, anyhow?" said Mrs. Turton.

"I'm blowed if I can make him out," said her spouse. "He ain't much to jabber, but, Lord bless you, how he keeps me straight! He's got the queerest way o' getting a man out o' bad habits as I ever heard tell on. Fighting the devil with a hoe is not the common kind o' doctrine, but I tell you what, Mary, 'tis mighty good in my case."

"I should think so. A garden full o' greens, a half sovereign in the china mug, and Dick Turton home a nights. It's enough to make old Mary

hug ye. Is he 'piscopal, or Methody, or what? Does he preach to you up there at the station?"

"I dunno what 'suasion he is, but he gives me a bit o' gospel, sometimes, out o' a little Testament he has, about the size o' a match-box, with a sojer's name on the cover. He tells me he gets the 'milk without water' when he goes to that. I think it's church time with him other days as well as Sundays. Why he took to Dick Turton, I guess Nobody knows, as he ain't one o' them chaps that make a penny show o' what he thinks and does."

We have said Holchester was a camp, and so it was, with all the name signifies. Drum and drill, from the break of day, when the morning gun woke up the skylarks, to its red flame shining over the meadows at the setting of the sun. There was a coming and going of men through the railway station. Staff officers to Aldershot or London. Squads to the rifle butts by the sea. Invalids, with disease in their bones and discharge papers in their pockets. Veterans from foreign service, and recruits from Irish bog and English fen. It was a new chapter of duty to the Unknown every day.

BRAID AND PLAIN CLOTH.

It was customary for the station hands to pay special attention to shoulder-straps. It paid well to do so. A valise and a tiger-skin signified a six-pence or a shilling, to say nothing of a vibration along the spine when waiting on a duke. The Unknown let the duke go for the rank and file. On one or two occasions with some indignation expressed by a neglected aristocrat. "A Radical democrat of the John Bright brigade," said a staff officer, when the Unknown hurried by to pick up a drunken private. "If I knew his name I would report him in Bishopsgate."

"I hope not, sir," said Turton, handing him his valise in the window of a first-class carriage. "It's only his way, sir. He's the best friend o' the sojer in all Holchester, as I've heard tell. You'll find his name in many a knapsack ten thousand miles from here, sir."

"Tush, tush; damn the man, I say, that has more respect for a forage cap than a cocked hat. Here's a shilling, and just teach that Radical some good manners."

Meanwhile the Unknown was busy with the drunken gunner, Bob Burdette by name, and but

just home from ten years' service in India. He was now *en route* to his native village, with two medals, a furlough, and a pocket full of gold. Ten years' savings in guineas and sovereigns.

Bob was overjoyed when he landed at Portsmouth. Freedom, home, and some very bad gin unsteadied his nerves. The dream of Lucknow and Lahore had been an old cottage, with honeysuckle over its diamond panes, and the old mother with a white cap in the garden. He was now within an hour's travel of the sacred spot. He had here added a glass of brandy to the pint of gin already down his throat, and was doubled up, with his nose in his knees, on the platform, guineas and sovereigns trundling on the planks. The Unknown picked up the gold, roused the somnolent man by pulling his ears, and led him into a private room, washed his hands, and soused his head in a pail of water. His face was a painful study when he was fully aroused to his condition. His hand went to his jacket. Ten years of life were there, to keep the old face and the white cap in the cottage from a workhouse pillow. He fairly staggered when he found the money loose and half gone. The old soldier put his bronzed face in his hands, and big tears trickled between the fingers.

"Cheer up, my man," said a kindly voice. "Here are fifty sovereigns I found on the platform. I have a handkerchief here; hand out all your money, and I will tie it up safely for you."

He looked on in a dazed fashion as the Unknown counted it over—one hundred and twenty gold coins. With a needle and thread he made it secure, and also sewed it fast in the pocket. A glass of soda-water, a seat in the next out-going train, and Bob Burdette went homeward, his money safe and his head clear.

Two weeks later a staff officer was standing on the Holchester platform, intending to give the station-master his personal opinion regarding the Radical democrat.

He was accosted by an old lady in a white cap and a bonnet of ancient date. She courtesied in true rustic fashion :

"Be you the man, zur, that did my Bob a favor, zur?"

"I am unable to say, madam. Who is Bob?"

"He's a sojer, zur. Just home from the Indies, zur."

"What was the favor you refer to?"

"Making him sober, zur, when he had a drop too much, zur. Picking his money off the floor,

zur, and sewing it up in this white handkercher, zur. 'Twas a hundred and twenty sovereigns, zur. Enuff to keep my head out o' the work-house, zur."

"Where did your son get such a sum of money from, madam?"

"Saved it, zur. Ten years a-doing, zur. And all for his old mother, zur."

"Such a son is an honor to the army, madam, and such a railway man a credit to Holchester Station. I should like to tell him so myself."

"You hain't the man, then, zur?"

"No, no, madam, I'm a British officer. Here is a man that may be able to supply the mysterious individual you are wanting."

Turton came up touching his cap. "I think I know the man, sir," he said, after hearing the old lady's story. "If you wait a minute or two I'll fetch him. I'd give that half sovereign out o' the china mug if Mary could see the fun," he murmured, as he went for the Unknown.

They came along the platform together.

"Be you the man, zur?" said the old lady.

"Madam, I am."

Turton looked at the officer with a twinkle in his eye. "The devil!" muttered that indi-

vidual, twisting his mustache. He swung on his heel with a baffled and foolish look, and walked back to camp. "A Radical and a gentleman combined. Deuced glad I didn't make a jackass of myself by reporting him. Bob of more importance, after all, than picking up a tiger-skin and getting a viscount's shilling."

The old lady returned the handkerchief, and left the Unknown a basket of golden russets, and blessings that were of more value than a pope's benediction.

For once in history a poke bonnet got the better of a cocked hat. A few more weeks of service in Holchester, another telegram, a bag on Turton's back, a shake of the hands, and a missing face in the London express.

IN THE MODERN BABYLON.

Fourteen hours a day, train due every fifteen minutes, two Sundays in a month, were the regulations. Enough and to spare—endurance at its limit. In some cases, as with signal-men, simply imprisonment in an elevated box. Throwing switches by levers for three hundred trains a day. Swift and loaded trains, for which a misplaced switch was a wholesale sacrifice of human

life. Imagine this stress on ears, eyes, and hands for fourteen hours, and you can see a plankway from the signal-box to exhaustion, and the premature extinction of vital power. The Unknown found time and energy, however, for his old Samaritan instincts. Humanity is not ceremony, but life. Light, and not a pound of wax or a pint of kerosene. He was in personal contact with a continuous procession of human beings, going to and fro, this way and that, in the great city. Experience had given him a quick and ready eye for any occasion where he would be of service. A month found him with a mental list of such and such of men and women as needed a kind word, a scrap of good reading, or a shake of the hand. Sometimes a penny to a hungry lad, a "good-morning" to some pale and haggard woman, a shake of the head at a red nose, a tap on the head of some scarecrow of a child. These were but little things, momentary, and quick as a flash; but grains of sand count in the hills and drops of water in the rivers.

"Is it a book ye have for my fayther, to-day, sir? He's kept the other for a wake under his pillow in St. Luke's Hospital, and he tould me to ax yer for anither, if ye plaze."

"Will you speak to my husband again, sir, when he comes in from Whitechapel to-night? He says he is ashamed to pass you when he smells of gin."

"The penny you gave me for Mike, sir, last night, bought him an orange. It made him feel good, though he was a-dying. He told me to thank you, just an hour before we laid him out for his coffin."

And so it was in this way that shoeblacks and girl peddlers of shoe-laces and matches made his corner an objective point when they bought their penny tickets for Cambridge Road or London Fields.

These incidents attracted the attention of observant and humane business men going to or coming back from the city. Some openly expressed their interest, some said he deserved a better place, some inquired of his history. The old answer, "Nobody knows."

His fellow employés were mostly young men from country towns and villages. Away from home influences, in the glare of vice and liberty, these human beings were as moths scorching their wings on a London candle. Some young men of stamina and moral spine were able to walk the

tight rope of London life. Many, of more plastic and unreliable material, found the floor of London town the roof of the bottomless pit.

To save such he plodded the streets in lamplight and fog, explored the dens of vice, confronted the harlot, bearded the bully, and fetched village lads back to the Ten Commandments and Mother morals.

Abuse and ridicule were not scanty. Vinegar of that kind he had by the cupful. Its only real bitterness was its source.

A VOICE FROM THE FISGARD.

"Look here, boys," said Jim Johnson, a signal-man on the main line, "it's bad work laughing at that Collector of the Downs. Three years ago I came home from the New Zealand station in the Harrier. I got married and made me a snug little home. I heard tell o' the same man you're making fun over. He was a sight o' good to the likes o' man-o'-war's men and sojers. I made a friend o' him, and God bless him is what Jim Johnson says. When my leave o' absence expired, I reported on the old Fisgard. I got letters from home telling me as my wife was sick and likely to die o' consumption. I tried to get away.

No go. I did my best to be kept on home service. No go. I was booked for the next relief going out to the China squadron. God only knows how I raved and swore, and swallowed rum to drown my misery. It was a clear case of going to the devil for Jim Johnson. One day I got a letter. In that letter was my discharge money. Lord, how I danced! I jumped over the capstan, I hugged the old quartermaster, and acted the fool all round. Next week I was home. After a time I had to cruise round for a job. I got a letter to the Old Man at Bishopsgate. He gave me my present position. I have a snug cottage on Higham Hill, and am as happy a man as wears a railway cap. Now, boys, who was it that sent me my discharge money? Who got me that letter to the Old Man? Who made me a home on Higham Hill? You'd like to know his name, but I won't tell you, as the likes o' him have no call to blow a trumpet when they do a man a good turn; but hark you, boys, when you run amuck with the Collector at the Downs, you rub against my old friend and stand a chance for a scrimmage with Jim Johnson."

Abuse is the privilege of goodness. To be spit at by a toad is a sure sign you are running him down.

In good and evil report, the Unknown continued to be a daily consecration to human good.

His place at the foot of the great stairway of the Downs. Siloam and Bethesda. No fee, no sign-board, no pretence. Just a side door for helpless and despairing folk to hope and life, without a brass plate or a bronze knocker. Simple enough. Only a chalk crayon or a penny chromo, but yet a part of the great picture divinely painted. One end in a lost Eden, the other in an Eden yet to come. Heroic figures on its canvas. Hemispheres for a parish. Empires for a class. Wilberforce, with Africa in his white hands; Howard, with the prison chains of Europe on his wrists; Shaftesbury, Buxton, Fry, Raikes, Wright, the iron-founder of Manchester, and Florence Nightingale, the "Angel of Scutari." All of these breaking chains, spiking cannon, spreading knowledge, wiping wet eyes, and leading Lazarus into the kingdom of God. With these a host no man can number, of all nations, kindreds, and tongues, skins and creeds, who in silent ways and hidden places were the candles of God in the chambers of man. And such a rushlight in the Downs of London. Not a sun, nor a star. Only a spark, and other sparks from this.

Maybe one, two, three, and who knows how many more in the moral midnights of the great city. The Unknown made no count of noses. Some evangels in white neckties keep a parade exhibit of souls as the Pawnee does of scalps. My seven to your three. Not out of order when catching trout or hunting hares, but a sorry satire on a certain old-fashioned piece of gospel: "Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth." We admit its antiquity, we confess its decay. It might be of Galilee, but is not of Europe, save in such obscure places as the stairway of the Downs, or with Samaritans in plain clothes such as Nobody knows.

CHAPTER IX.

THE PICK O' THE STEERAGE.

THE king of the chess-board moves the ivory pawn with an intelligent intent. This place or that for a purpose, no incoherence in the mind, no mistake in the movement. It would seem to be so in the life of the Unknown. In no case had he prearranged his nomadic movements. Where duty led he followed. That was all, right or left, as the order went along the line. "Take your sister and her babe to America, as their guardian and protector," was the call heard on the staircase of the Downs. The Unknown packed the old bag and went. He was now one of the host migrating westward. A great company, and as mixed as the passengers of Captain Noah. Clean and unclean, in caps and hats, woollens and nankeen, hobnails and wooden shoes. All packed together in a floating tank, a knot of earthworms in an angler's pail of bait. Among these hundreds of beings, eating off tin plates,

and drinking out of tin cups, and sleeping in rows on elevated planks, all kinds of biographies, characters, and temperaments. The whole world of good and evil represented. Some dirty to execration, some vile to beastliness. Modesty and impurity rubbing shoulders at the same table. Men who prayed and men who cursed. Old women with white hair and little maids in short clothes. Babies were born in the dark bunks and babies died, and not a few made the passage-ways vocal with cries for soothing syrup and mother milk. In rough weather, with the hatches down, the stench was suffocating, the hubbub of terror and prayers a confusion of tongues, Teutonic, Italian, Celtic, and Saxon. Dismal, indeed, in the glamour of the swinging lamps, and a ton of the Atlantic rolling over the skylights. The best and bravest of men at such times less than twelve inches of a foot and twenty pennyweights of an ounce. Insignificant, helpless, abashed, and, so far as salt water goes, no more than the anemone it flings on the rocks.

Food was plentiful and coarse. Codfish, duff, pork, and thin tea, hot rolls and very pungent butter. The bill of fare would bankrupt a hotel and close a railway restaurant. It was served out

of big baskets, tubs, and pots, and distributed according to the noisiest lungs and the longest arms, greed and muscle getting the lion's share. Luxuries for the sick depended on the surgeon's order or the invalid's purse. Silver brought one plate; gold, two. Some gross and criminal transactions came out of this infamous system of bribery and extortion. Ten silver shillings from an aged widow for a slice of lamb, a potato cut in two, and a spoonful of pudding. A promise made of roast veal and plum-duff for the next day, but in place of smoking calf an empty plate, and a scoundrel in a blue jacket with a demand for an extra handful of silver coins. Robbery on the high seas, and so much of it that a protest was signed in the steerage for presentation to the captain. By some chicanery it never reached the man in gold lace, but went over the ship's side to such fishes as might be wanting a dinner in the salt water of Sandy Hook.

Once a week the passengers were hustled on deck and the steerage fumigated with sulphur, the bulls' eyes thrown open, and the floors faithfully swabbed. This was a sanitary necessity, as provision for personal cleanliness was scanty, soap and insect powders scarce. Dirt from Naples, fleas

from Rome, and bags of garlic from the quays of Genoa are insufferable abominations, with some three hundred people eating, drinking, and sleeping in one big iron box. Humanity without a bath is carrion. In this sense a steerage passage is not without its horrors, and yet, with all this dirt and squalor, these migratory columns of men and women are shaping history and making empires. To hunger, oppressions, crossiers, taxes, and twins, America owes her populations, and her pathway of cities, vineyards, and fields from the Narrows to the Golden Gate. Under this fact, and in the process of its formation, the bitterness and pain of exile and expatriation. Behind the wagons hitched to the Western star a procession of aching bones and hearts. We count tickets in the steerage, heads in Castle Garden, but who has the tally of what underlies the term emigration? To youth a voyage—sunrise to noon. To middle age a dead past—noon to sunset. There is pathos in a steerage. It is not, as some suppose, the jubilate of a linnet leaving an iron cage for freedom and apple-blossoms. There is an ox-horn at the back of emigration—a certain grim and hard fact known as Necessity. Pad that as we may with greenbacks

and homesteads, it is never a feather-bed. It is true, emigrants fiddle, emigrants dance. There are Irish jigs, Scotch reels. Cabin passengers admire and consider the steerage an orchestra of Te Deums. Miriam with cymbals after the exodus. For all that of exuberance, due mostly to vitality and salt air, the fact of separation from home and friends is a stone in the dancer's shoe. In soberer moments of thought and retrospection one sees the gravity of regrets—the dead man's face at a wedding.

A SPECK O' LAND AT SEA.

Our ship is in the outer deep,
The land a cloud o' gray,
Nor seen the green o' sloping downs
Across the sparkling bay ;
And friendly faces on the shore,
So dear to you and me,
Are now but memories that charm,
. A speck o' land at sea.

The sun is but a drop o' blood
That trickles out o' sight,
The sailor swings upon the spar
The lantern o' the night ;

But in the cradle o' the deep
As rocked to sleep are we ;
The dream o' seaman in the gloom,
A speck o' land at sea.

The gale is full o' salt and storm,
The scud it smites the sky,
O'er bending mast and flapping sail
The winds go whistling by ;
But hearts o' oak are sound and true-
Though storms and tempests be,
When thinking o' the prayers that bless,
A speck o' land at sea.

The days may run a round o' years,
And I and you be gray,
Ere seen again the faces left
On yonder sands to-day ;
But when the tides o' life are low,
Still shines for you and me,
Across the silent deeps o' death,
A speck o' land at sea.

In such surroundings and conditions* the Unknown found a wide field for his best efforts. The opportunities for man-help in all its phases were

at his elbow, eating out of the same pannikin and sleeping on the same shelf.

Between Spike Island and Sandy Hook, he made his rounds of the steerage in the same fashion as was his wont to do in camps and barracks.

THE VILLAGE HAMPDEN.

Born in the fen country, a level of meadow and marsh intersected with dykes, and silver-spotted with placid broads and fishing-ponds. Populations of stout, red-faced peasants plodding in shoes with an inch of sole and a pound of nails. Healthy on turnips and brown bread, and as content as their forefathers with nine shillings once a week, and a piece of roast beef once a year. Richard Holbeach was a type of this stolid, docile race, in all things but new aspirations and nineteenth-century discontent. A man with tawny hair and blue eyes, a bull's neck and a square chin, just the same old material that used the cross-bow at Cressy and the bayonet at Badajoz. He was leaning over the rail watching the sunset light on the big green spaces of sea, and chatting with the Unknown.

"Zur," he said, "I bean't content with the old state o' things. The old horseshoe is worn out.

It lames the horse and he kicks. Nine shillings a week and a white head in the workhouse won't do for Dick Holbeach.

“ More than that, I wants a ballot as well as a plough. I believes in John Bright, Gladstone, and the Gospel. I wants to worship God as I thinks is right and best. A free vote and a free Church is the doctrine o' Dick Holbeach. I spoke out and says so on the village green, and in the meetings we had under the walnut-trees. The farmers were down on me for being a Radical, and the parson was down on me for being a Methodist. I lost place arter place, and when I went out a-speaking a Sundays, if there was a rotten egg in the crowd I got it. I dunno as I cared much for the abuse, but it goes agin the grain to be eating tater-skins and picking egg-shells off the back o' my Sunday coat when I could plough a straight furrow, cut a clean swath o' barley, and run a load o' hay to market without laming a horse, and coming home with more beer in my head than brains. I did my work with the best o' them, and no harm sure could come to any man by my keeping away from the Red Lion and going to church instead o' the devil. A free man and a free conscience was what I was arter. It's a-coming

round to that some day, zur. The dry bones are a-shaking afore the resurrection, but such as Dick Holbeach, as helps it along, gets the tater-skins and the egg-shells. I'd heerd tell o' Ameriky, and I scraped up enough to pay my passage; but lor, zur, the price on't! The old folks will never get over it. 'Twas hard to see the old mother darning my socks and the tears a-dropping on the yarn. I took a last look at the old place. Seemed as if the apple-trees and the lavender bush, the swallows' nests under the thatch, and the rose over the door, all wanted me to stop. Zur, there is more in emigrating than the papers talk about. I was glad when the parting was over. The old folks at the gate and the old chimney in the sky going out o' my sight. Dick Holbeach will never clap his eyes agin on that old pictur till he finds what he's arter. A free man, zur, and a free Church. Bean't I right, zur?"

"You are on the straight road to Plymouth Rock, my man. Keep that spirit in you. It's a spark of old Hampden. Of such is the kingdom of truth and God. It's coming, as you say, and, if you and I live long enough, old England will breathe that air from the Grampians to the fens."

"Amen," said the peasant Hampden.

"A Richard Holbeach in every parish will fetch it," said the Unknown to himself, as he went his way. "On such granite Freedom builds her throne."

CASTLE GARDEN.

The voyage over. The Atlantic astern and the steerage emptying its straw mattresses into the sea. Hatches open, and baggage of all kinds hauled up with a will by the perspiring crew. Custom House officers covering the deck with coats, hat-boxes, and guns. Confusion, excitement, and a Babel of languages. Packing and unpacking, cutting ropes and swearing at knots no hand could straighten out. A scramble this way and that for lost babies, trunks, and loose tin-ware, and three hundred of human heads going down the gangway to the little tug panting and puffing alongside the ocean steamer.

"You see that man going down the gang-plank, with a sojer's bag on his shoulder and an old woman on his arm?" said the first steward of the steerage to the purser.

"Yes. What of it?"

"That man, sir, is the pick o' the steerage for this trip. On the lend-a-hand business all the

voyage. Never saw the like in fifteen years o' steerage work."

"What is he?" said the purser. "A curate in disguise, or one of Spurgeon's shoemakers?"

"Nobody knows, sir, though, if I'm a judge o' timber, he ain't in the white necktie business. Kind o' private boat, sir, cruising round after a squall to pick up such poor devils as fall overboard and can't swim."

The picturesque procession of emigrants filed in the historic doorway of Castle Garden, and, after passing the desk where names and nationalities were officially registered, it opened up like a huge fan. A scene of kisses, tears, and wonderment. The meeting of husbands and wives, of mothers and sons, and of friends separated by years and oceans. The Unknown having put his charge in proper hands, busied himself with what was left of the three hundred. A few hours would see them scattered North, South, East, and West.

"Will yer plaze tell me, sur, what I can do wid meself, at all at all?" said a buxom Irish fellow-passenger to the Unknown, with a face full as the moon, and colored with the carmine of Conne-mara. "It's meself as is lost intirely, and cannot

be found. Here's meself and Kitty, as knows nobody, and nobody knows us."

"Have you no friends in New York?"

"Niver a one, sur; my sister lives in New Jarsey."

"If that's so you are not far from her door."

"Faith, sur, it's no good if 'twas in the next strate. We couldn't find it. She didn't say in the lether the name uv the strate nor the number uv the house, and the gintleman at the desk says as how New Jarsey is bigger than ould Dublin. It's a needle in a stack uv hay as I've got to foind."

"Your sister will be here to look after you soon. Did you tell her the name of the ship when you wrote her?"

"Niver a bit, sur, only 'twas a big stamer from the Cove."

"You must either wait till she comes or make inquiries in New Jersey. I can see no other chance for you."

"Faith, sur, and who can I ax, and where can I go, wid only a sixpence wid a hole in it, as Barney gave me for a keepsake? Wud yer wait a bit wid us, sur?"

"Yes, I will."

Night came and no sister. Connemara began to cry.

"Wud yer stay in sight uv us, sur, till break o' day?" said Kitty. "If yer will, we'll be as safe as in the ould cabin, wid the bar across the door."

The Unknown made them a pillow of his old bag, and watched till morning. The Connemara Hebes crooned themselves to sleep. A Saxon knight and the Celtic maidens. A chromo for O'Donovan Rossa!

CHAPTER X.

THE NEW MAN AT THE BREAKERS.

THERE is money in coal as well as gas and bitumen. Coal kings are rich and numerous. A trap-door on the mouth of a pit can keep New York in a shiver and Pennsylvania in idleness. A gigantic industry, with opportunities in proportion to do right or wrong, to help the social wagon or to block its wheels. It has a history. Pennsylvania could tell it. Syndicates and monopolies, strikes and lockouts. Hunger and squalor on coal-dumps, and babies tugging at dry breasts in shanties and cabins. Firebrands, dynamite cartridges, insurrections smelling of gunpowder, and Molly Maguires full of the devil and mystery. The latter organization more than a Sicilian vendetta—a deadly secret, a serpent full of poison, and never failing to kill whenever it struck.

It was in its majority when the Unknown was set to work in the Lackawanna Valley, with a shovel, a mule, and a dump-cart. He knew noth-

ing of this organization, and innocently replaced one of its members who had the gift of sucking a black bottle and going to sleep on a coal-screen.

It was hard, dirty work, requiring promptitude, diligence, and a general aptitude with a wheelbarrow as well as with a mule.

The mule was a relic of the pits. It had been crushed with falling slate, hauled up in a cage, and dumped in a patch of green grass, to live if it could, and die if it must. It wouldn't die. It was tough. There was resolution between its long ears. So it got into a whole skin once again, rolled in the grass for fun, and was hitched to the dump-cart for work. It was the first mule in the experience of the Unknown, and the animal so found it when he gave it an extra nubbin of corn and stroked its tawny flanks. It was a rare experience in mule life, and Jenny behaved accordingly. The wheelbarrow was of generous proportions, and when full of slack was heavy moving up the pine planks leading to the edge of the dump, some sixty feet above the level, and planting its black arms across the valley. Here the Unknown wiped his face, took coal out of his eyes, and let the cool wind blow in on his bare and blistered breast.

There was some reluctance at first on the part of the miners to have anything to say or do with him. He was plainly an uncommon article in a coal-breaker. Men went by with their picks and scrutinized the new-comer. Was he an innocent or a detective, a let-alone or the death's-head and cross-bones? The verdict was in his favor, and it so came to pass in this way :

The breaker was at the base of an embankment of clay and rock. It had a living spring trickling out of its red and gray side. There was a tin cup and a cool drink for any and every thirsty man. Dry throats were numerous. Coal-dust and whiskey are friends of cold water. Men came and went. A drink at the spring, a chat with the Unknown. He talked in the old fashion. It was not out of place, but not in the history of a coal-screen. He was an encyclopædia of history and a chapter out of the Douay Bible. Men came for information when they had no need of water. The Irish were especially inquisitive—in some cases for debate, in some for Molly Maguire purposes.

"I've nothing agin him," said O'Leary. "He's naythur a spy nor a sucker, and is as dacent to the cracker bhoys as he is to the pit boss. He's a fayther to the kids as goes to the spring. He

fills their cans, and carries the bits o' childer up the bluff. He has a helping hand where ould Paddy had a chunk o' coal. The Nolans and the Flanigans bring their pitchers to get the trate o' seeing a gintleman under the breaker."

It was as O'Leary said. There were more townsfolk at the spring than ever, and the Peggies and Pats in short clothes would hang round, with their bright eyes and rich brogue, to get a kind word, a little book, and a lift up the hill. Molly Maguireism was impotent in this case. It had just cut off a foreman's two ears and set fire to the clothes of a colored man, soaking them with kerosene when he was sleeping, and leaving his legs two sticks of charcoal. Men were shot in the hills, and found bloody in beds. Life was unsafe, and death a certainty to all sinners against the Mollies. The invisible dagger—none knew where or when it would strike. In an official sense the Unknown was in no jeopardy. He had but one crime to his charge—an English accent. That was bad enough, but not altogether damnable. Danger, if any, was from individual bigotry and race-hate. There was one incurable of that stamp at the mine.

SAVED BY A SPIKE.

"Kape yer eyes peeled when Flynn is around," said O'Brien one day to the Unknown. "Niver go near the lump coal trap when he's at it. Fifty pound o' coal would crack yer head loike an egg-shell. Kape mum and look out. 'Twould hurt lots uv us to see the loikes o' ye laving his brains on a chunk o' coal."

"Thank you, O'Brien. I will be on my guard. I am glad to know I have some friends and only one enemy in the vendetta of the Lackawanna."

It was a hot day in August. The grass dried in the heat, and the dumps were as hot as ashes in a grate. A train of loaded flats, with the brakes securely locked, was on the incline of a steep grade some hundred yards or more from the breaker. Flynn came to the spring, drank heartily, wiped his perspiring face, and in the sweetest of brogues asked the Unknown to do him the favor "uv slipping the brakes, and giving the flats a run forninst the scales."

The Unknown put down his shovel and went up the grade to do his enemy a kind turn. He had no suspicion of evil. He unlocked the brakes; the iron wheels moved, the train gathered speed,

and on it rolled. Flynn squatted on a pile of slack, bit his nails, and sardonically smiled. On came the flats. The first breaker is reached ; it is some feet wider than the next. Standing room in one for a brakesman on the narrow plank outside the cars. The second breaker had no such space. A man outside the flat must go down. The Unknown saw his impending fate. O'Brien's warning rang in his ears. He shut his eyes and awaited the process of being ground into mincemeat. An old spike protruding from the wall struck him on the shoulder. He fell crosswise on a buffer, and came out of the valley of death with a torn shirt but a whole skin. Flynn walked away. The Unknown went back to his screen and sang a Te Deum over the slack. Had he fallen, it would have been only an accident, with no witnesses near to solve the bloody problem. This incident decided him to accept an offer of employment in Canada. He put down the Lackawanna shovel, kept his secret, and left. There was a round of cheers when he went by the mine on the North-bound train. What came of his labors among the pitmen Nobody knows.

AN ODE IN ANTHRACITE.

There is music in a broken reed, and sometimes in human experience—trouble and suffering educes melody from misfortune. The following ode has the strange history of being partly written on a miner's shovel with a piece of chalk and a blistered hand. Nazareth in Pennsylvania! Worship on a coal-dump! The curse of Caiphas! Where is it? The purple of Herod and the wash-basin of Pilate? Eighteen centuries dropped in the abyss of the eternities. Civilization acknowledging Calvary, and a humble worshipper found in coal-dust and dungaree :

O NAZARENE !

As lifts the human eye
The stars of God to see,
And scan the light of solar fires
In vast immensity ;
And mind in lone and lofty flight
Soars on from sphere to sphere,
And in the silent voids of space,
In sanctity of fear,
Beholds with reverence and awe
The majesty of Heaven's law,

Unchanging and supreme—
 So lifts the human soul to Thee
 In worship of Thy mystery,
 O Nazarene !

As fail all human lights
 Along the lower sky,
 The deeper depths of life to reach,
 Its hopes to glorify,
 The mysteries of soul to solve,
 The future to illumine,
 Or span the deep and vast abyss
 Mortality and doom ;
 Man in his agony of need,
 And stricken strength of faith and deed,
 And destiny unseen,
 Beholds the light and hope in Thee
 Of all that is or has to be,
 O Nazarene !

In worship of the soul
 Of Thee, sublimely great !
 The verities that comprehend
 Time, Universe, and Fate,
 Are but the forces set to bring
 Thy greater goodness near,

The fulness of All Truth and Life
Absolving guilt and fear ;
The wisdom yet a shadowed light,
The goodness but a shapeless right,
The joy a passing dream ;
Man seeks their perfectness in Thee,
Along the far Eternity,
O Nazarene !

This psalm of the coal-pits was completed in a trans-Missouri State, and three years after found its way from a printing-press in Calcutta to the Khyber Pass and the border-lands of Thibet.

CHAPTER XI.

ONE O' PILKEY'S MEN.

TORONTO! Queen City of Ontario. A city without a boom—unknown to chromos or fame. Not a mushroom, but a fact in red brick and white stone—busy, prosperous, and quiet. Slow, they say, and certainly not a hot-house grape by any means, but likely to be in purple fruitage when the product of window-glass and steam-pipes is in its yellow leaf.

The Unknown plodded along the lake front in search of his friend, an old soldier, by the by, he had visited in Horwich barrack, and who was not forgetful, two thousand miles away, of his past services. "Cast thy bread on the waters, and you may find it in Canada."

The first act of the Unknown was to find lodgings for a Simcoe trapper, a Nimrod with long hair and a foxskin cap, but with no confidence, as he said, "in city folk." His next act was to go into a profound study over the unexpected news that

his friend had left the city and gone North into the backwoods. Regret was of no avail, so he took the next train, with its headlight blinking at the North Star, and glided along the iron track into the wilderness of pines. Woods indeed. Oaks, hemlocks, maples, and cedars, massed in solid column from the chimneys of civilization to the white camps of the Arctic king. An area of solitudes practically unexplored. The den of the wolf, the haunt of the fox, and the grand inheritance of nations yet unborn. The Unknown found his friend on the fringe of this wilderness, but far enough in its solitudes for the lynx to kill pigs, the wolf to make his midnight meal of lamb, and the bear to eat honey and gather blackberries in the clearings.

The lumberman was supreme. The axe was the precursor of civilization and the plough. Men wore moccasins, and lived in shanties, with slabs for shingles and paper for plaster. Bacon and potatoes were the staple diet. A school-house, with no lock on the door, served for church when a man could be found to read a chapter and preach a sermon. Pilkey's saw-mill was the one industry employing hands outside of family help. Here the Unknown rolled up his sleeves and went

to work. He sighted planks at the pony-saw, hauled out slabs, and lent a hand at making shingles and laths. Rough work at times with logs, with axe, hand-spike, and cant-hooks. It was not without a struggle he retained faith in the Fatherhood of God when he surveyed his surrounding and companions.

Providence is a problem when it has to be worked out with bloody fingers on the rough side of a pine slab. To walk straight with a stone in your shoe is not easy, only with such Spartan men as the Unknown was doing his best to become.

Under the morning stars we see him going to the lone school-house, with a candle in his pocket and a hunting-knife in his hand. Here he studied his pocket Testament stained with the spray of seas and the tears of soldier dead. He had his Litanies and Te Deums, and, when strengthened, put out his candle, swung his knife on his wrist, and was at the mill at sunrise. God was no myth in this life. Providence was more than a phrase. He had hitched his wagon to a star. It was well he had. Misfortune met him in his new endeavor. He mashed a finger into a shapeless mass of blood and bone, wrapped it up in a rag, and went on

handling slabs till compelled to put his hand in a sling and hunt the woods for balsam-buds to make amateur ointment. With his useless hand in a bandage, he gathered apples for a kindly settler, taking the basket up and down in his teeth—an original method and strange, but not more strange than his songs of praise and hope heard ringing in the apple-trees. It was the old spirit that had a solo for the storm in the surf of the Scroby. Out of evil a good. Break an egg and find an omelet. It is a fact, though stranger than fiction. The broken finger of the Unknown turned over a new page in American humanitarianism. From how small an acorn comes an oak! We hear of a provision being made for broken bones and crushed fingers on railways and in factories. A pouch of lint and sticking-plaster, linen and arnica, splints and ether, ready for prompt service in emergencies. A boon, if ever there was one, for men and women in the shambles of industry. It owes its existence to a crushed finger in Pilkey's saw-mill. Romance of a flattened knuckle! A few weeks of the old-fashioned methods of doing good made the Unknown a new institution in the backwoods. Physician, chaplain, schoolmaster, and general Samaritan.

"Teach the boys writing in my shanty, will ye? Yer can stay o' nights when it storms."

He did it.

"The old man is down o' the mouth with rheumatiz, and seeing nothing but pine-stumps. Will you drop in o' nights? Shanty down o' the Big Hollow. A cōw-path for two miles west'ard right to the gate. Will lend you a lantern to come back, for the lynxes are troublesome, and a wolf is after the lambs."

He went.

"Barry is down with inflammation o' the lungs. Will you get him a fly-blister, and put it on?"

Six-mile walk. A big spread of cantharides. Barry is afraid of it, and will use it only on one condition, that the Unknown cut it in two, and apply the one half to his own lungs. He did it. Barry recovered, but the Unknown found that handling slabs with a blistered breast was not a picnic.

THE SHANTY TRAGEDY.

"Old Jock" was a general hand at the mill. He was handy with a cant-hook and an axe, and could turn a rolling log on the hillside with promptitude and skill. His shanty was remote

and lonely. The floor-planks were without nails and the windows asking for glass. He had three children and a crazy wife. She would boil potatoes in the coffee-pot, and had a fancy to pose as a nude Venus on a big hemlock-stump. She would cook snowballs for eggs, and compel Jock to get out of bed on cold nights and execute a jig in his shirt, with a north wind whistling through cracks in the shanty. Jock was docile, but not happy. Mollie was a Tartar, and as erratic in her affections as she was in her domestic habits. Jock wore out his stock of patience, and went North to cut logs and take a vacation.

In his absence a peddler with long hair, and a pack of woollen mittens for sale, called on Mollie. He stayed at the shanty, cut firewood, and ate the family bacon. He was a regular boarder. A man with a good appetite and a history. He had been in circumstances of luxury and refinement. Mollie was familiar ; the peddler had no objection. It found him a pair of blankets, a concubine, and a plate of potatoes. Some Canadian voyageur found his way to the camp where Jock was quartered. He told his story. Jock drew his pay and tramped homeward. He made rash vows when he stretched his legs on his bed of hemlock made

in the snow, and sharpened his sheath-knife on stones and rocks. Mollie's lamb was changing into a wolf.

He reached his shanty late at night and took a preliminary survey through a crack in the boards. The peddler was there, stretched at full length on the floor, with his feet to the fire.

Mollie was busy with a pair of scissors. Jock's hair stood on end. Mollie was cutting off the peddler's toes and putting them one by one in the fire. Every one fell before the scissors. No blood, and no sign of pain on the part of the peddler, who was quietly busy with the mouth of a black bottle. His feet were frozen. Was this judgment or only cold weather? The peddler knew best. Jock left his knife on a stump and went into the shanty. Mollie screamed, the peddler groaned. Jock took a piece of frozen pork from his wallet, put it in the peddler's pocket, and sent the toeless vagrant out into the frost and darkness. He was seen no more that winter, but in the spring, when the blackberries were in blossom, and birds singing in the maples, a dead man was found, with his head on a pine-stump, an empty bottle in his hand, and his feet without toes. Jock was avenged. The peddler had gone from the snow-drift to judgment.



He was buried in the road, his name a mystery, his sin a secret, and his toes in Mollie's ash-pile. "The wages of sin is death." Mollie went to the school-house to hear the Unknown. She had learned to read, and was comparatively docile. Jock was getting fat on his new happiness, though no one but the Unknown put a foot in his shanty since the tragedy of the scissors.

Winter! white, keen, and hard. The pines cracked like whips, shingles lifted on the shanties, and the choppers in the woods were bearded with icicles. The Unknown chopped from sunrise to sunset, broke his frozen bread with an axe, and thawed it over burning chips; warmed his coffee and perspired at twenty degrees below zero. Rugged, healthy, manful work; good for the shoulders, and the best appetizer in the world; good for dyspepsia, dissipation, and all such physical and moral evils as are reducible by perspiration. Cold weather and hard work are mutual blessings. Health, manfulness, and muscle are with a five pound axe and a Canadian pine. The choppers whistled and sang, ate hearty and slept sound, in spite of snow and the frost making ice of their breath.

Evening to the lumberman is at its best dull and

wearisome—stitching moccasins, whittling wedges, and falling back on strong tobacco for company and comfort. The Unknown saw the need of more social intercourse, and of some clean, wholesome amusement to break the stale monotony. He set to work and organized a series of free readings for winter nights in the old school-house, found out the local vocal talent—Patti in a woollen shawl, Brignoli in buckskin and fur. The ball was set rolling. There were readings from books and newspapers, and solos, duets, and choruses. It was enjoyable and useful, and the moccasins made tracks in the snow for miles on such nights, when the candles in the school-house lit up the woods.

“Music and literature for backwoodsmen! Who conceived that idea?” said a Toronto merchant to the Unknown, who had spent an evening among the happy choppers.

“One of Pilkey’s men, they say, but I believe, in a public sense, Nobody knows.”

“You are not posted on local philanthropists, or are they of the modest kind?”

“Sir, we are not in the habit of using the service of God as a personal advertisement.”

“Behind the times,” said the merchant. “The

modern plan is five dollars for the heathen, and four of them count for reputation and business."

"Sir, if that is so, the fifth dollar is damned by the four."

"Strong language for a fox-skin cap," said the merchant, turning into his lodging-house.

"Poor fellow!" said the Unknown, turning down to the mill. "The old folly, feeding on spoon and forgetting the milk."

He added lectures on popular subjects to his new duties, outlining the leading ideas on a shingle and studying them out among the slabs. He visited remote settlements where information in plain clothes was likely to be acceptable.

A TALK UNDER DISADVANTAGES.

Trimming the butt-end of a frozen log, the axe glanced and buried its keen edge in the chopper's foot. The blood gurgled on the snow and froze into red stalactites. It was two miles to a house. A boot full of blood and a gash among the leading tendons of the foot, and no appliances but a strip of calico and some shoemaker's wax to cement the lips of the wound, and the ugly probability of a severed sinew, perhaps permanent lameness, or of

mortification from frost, meaning a foot in a jar of alcohol or a hole in Canadian clay.

"Pretty rough on that foot," said Pilkey, wrapping it up snugly in an old shawl.

"I can thank God, anyhow," said the Unknown.

"Thank Him for what?" asked the backwoodsman.

"For the other foot," said the sufferer.

"According to that kind o' doctrine a man hasn't much to fret about."

"No, sir. A long face over what is lost shortens considerably over what is left, when a man finds there is more milk in the crock than is spilled on the floor."

With the help of a hickory stake the Unknown hobbled through the snow-drifts to his lodgings, a rude and comfortless place, full of smoke and the odor of bacon, and with only thin pine boards between the bitter winds and a truckle-bed. Breath froze on the studding, snow drifted in the door. A cracked stove and a baby with a whooping-cough completed its comforts. The Unknown was announced for a lecture in Wolf Hollow the following night. He was there, with two tallow candles and a crowd of choppers and trappers.

He had been capsized in a snow-drift on his journey. One eye was literally closed in a film of ice, and his foot, wrapped up in a blanket, had to be kept elevated on a very primitive bench. On one leg he gave his lecture on "Heroes of the Crimea." A lump of ice for a drink, and a rough shake of the hands for a vote of thanks.

"Who is that chap, anyway?" said one trapper to another, after the school-house was closed.

"One o' Pilkey's men, as I hears. What do ye think o' his talk, Hiram?"

"Mighty simple, as I thinks," said the critic in moccasins. "Not a word in it as I can't spell. I likes the chaps best as gives yer cracks o' thunder and talks outside the spelling-book. I never seed one o' his kind afore. Only think on't, half the time on one leg, and the other half with his foot, like a pack o' blankets, hanging over the old bench, and he a-talking as easy as if I was telling you how to skin a mink."

"That's kinder the right way, as I thinks," said his companion; "that is, laving the foot out o' the question, with a big blood-spot on the blanket. When I and you is a-hunting deer we ain't hanging round to have our picturs taken. It's a ounce o' buckshot and a lump o' venison, and not how's

we part our hair, that's our consarn on the track o' an old buck, and I thinks that's the idee o' Pilkey's man. He ain't arter selling his portrait, but telling the plain truth to the likes o' us. He took a bead's-eye on all o' us trappers when he said, '*It's no use catching minks when we give the devil the skins.*' That's mighty plain talk, but if I makes no mistake, if we could have more o' the same kind we'd take no harm."

"You may be right on that p'int," said Hiram. "What I says is, he don't make enough o' hisself."

"Don't want to in his business; for I thinks with too many o' preachers and sich like, we get too much o' the trap and too little o' the beaver."

In such simple ways and primitive surroundings, and with such impedimenta as snow-drifts, north winds, and a foot in a horse-blanket, the Unknown did his best for his fellow-man. Commonplace and democratic, it is true; not an epic, an idyll, or a heroic; no figure for a painter, no theme for a poet, yet maybe in the forefront of civilization and its rude realisms of rugged toil and nameless hardship, to some soul the echo of a Higher Voice, a touch of Mercy's hand, an inspiration to a manful life. Nobody knows.

There was sometimes a touch of pathos and a page of romance even among slabs and stumps.

ALEC MACKENZIE.

“Ye didna know Alec Mackenzie, a wee laddie and winsome, as gude a saint as ever bent his knee on the heather, but noo stout anoo to wrastle in these woods with an axe or a maul. He did his best, puir lad ! He had Mackenzie sand in his craw. ’Twould make ye greet to see him o’ nights, white as a sip o’ milk, and shaking like a bairn with the chills ; but we didna heed that. Naebody but had a warm corner for Alec. When a laddie was sick, or had split his knee or his foot with an axe, Alec would tramp the snae-drifts to his door. Auld Jamie, blind as a bat, as couldna see a log nor a letter, was sure o’ Sabbath days to hear Alec in his shanty reading the grand words o’ David and Paul. Nae laddie could ’ave a bigger heart than was pit-a-pat under his Highland plaid. There was nae fear in it, either, though ’twas soft as Maggie’s hand. He was nae fretted with a wolf or a bear, and his blue een were sparks o’ fire when any mon did anither mon a wrang. He didna run from a Claverhouse when John Brown

wanted a friend. When Annie Macpherson fell in the mill-race he gang into the cauldron o' spume and brought the lassie out. If he was a wee body, he had the auld sperit o' Bruce and John Knox.

"He took sick, puir laddie, and wasted awa'. He had put by some siller to gang hame and fotch his auld mither ower here to her kin. She died in Aberdeen, and Alec was never the body he was before the letter came with a black stripe on the paper. We made him snug and cosey. He had new milk in his platter o' porridge, Maggie found him eggs in the hay, and Robin Ainslie fotched over his bottle o' auld wine. Alec didna whimper at his lot. It was a smile on his pillow when he slept, and a smile when he opened his blue een. He called me in the gloaming o' the evening and asked me to git his mither's pictur out o' his trunk. He looked at it, and he looked at me. It was a lang, lang stare. I saw a drap o' tear in his een. He lay a-looking up at the rafters after a wee, and he listened as if he heard a footfa' on the stair. I didna cotch a sound. 'Sandy,' he said, 'it's all ower with Alec.' He put his mither's pictur in his shirt, smiled in his auld kind o' way, and died. We put him under the big hemlock on the hill-top, with his mither's face on his cold bosom. The

trump o' Gabriel will wake him some day, but dinna ye think the world wants more Alec Mackenzies?

"Let me show ye a buke as did him good, and lit up his last days with hope and light. Look at it while I gang out for anither stick o' pine."

The Unknown took it up, and laid it down. His eyes filled; a lump came in his throat. This book in the backwoods—teacher, comforter, and companion. Its author the Unknown, with a five-pound axe waiting for him at the door. Romance of influence. He had found Bengal in Newcastle, Horwich in Canada, and here was literature for British grenadiers under the polar star.

A shanty in the wilderness, a dead Mackenzie, a Gallic backwoodsman, a book with crossed sabres on its cover, an author in a fox-skin cap, and a silent psalm. "Thank God!" said the Unknown. "Nobody knows. A chapter for Charles Kingsley or George Macdonald."

CHAPTER XII.

THE MAN WITH A BAG AND A HAMMOCK.

TWO letters from the West : one from a sister, one from a friend. The one had brought the Unknown across the Atlantic, the other wanted him midway of the hemisphere.

Prairies wide as the ocean, homesteads at less price than a calf, climate delicious as Italy, a future of farms, orchards, cities, and a coming nation. The Unknown packed his bag and went. The sister first in search, the homestead next. Down to the silver sheets of the Huron ; over Niagara, a cataract of floods and rainbows ; through the forests and fields of Michigan ; the savannas of Illinois ; the sea-roll of ground and grass in Iowa ; across the yellow ribbon of the Missouri to the modest streak of water hidden in the crack of bluffs and the shade of cottonwoods and known to Pawnees and settlers as the " Big Blue." Here the Unknown met his friend—an old friend, with his native home looking over the sea where the Unknown had sailed in Number Two.



THE PRAIRIE DUG-OUT.

Keely had been a salesman in a palace of dry-goods. His department—silks, ribbons, and ladies. His hands were soft ; a tape-measure and a pair of scissors raise no blisters. He emigrated West. Went to work carrying blocks of sandstone up long ladders to the masons. His back ached ; his hands bled, but he held on in a manful, indomitable way. A few dollars first ; a homestead next. A plat of grass cracked in two with a deep ravine and measuring just eighty acres. He dug wells to pay for ploughing, wrought two long years for a local statesman with one eye and a bundle of bridge bonds, split rails, hauled cordwood, milked the family cow, worked on moonlight nights, and received a pony for his pay. Outside of corn-cake and some very rusty bacon, a diminutive lump of horse-flesh all his recompense. Not much, it is true, but even that little more than the wage of many a Western serf. He made him a "dug-out." It was ten by six ; the floor was hard pan ; the roof was of cottonwood poles and prairie sod. It was not above the ground, but below. Man lodging with the mole. A length of rusty stove-pipe was the only outward sign of inward civilization.

Its shelves were niches cut in clay ; its window the half of a very small sash and its bed a bench. Rattlesnakes crawled under the cottonwood door, and vermin innumerable did as they pleased. In summer a box of fleas, in winter a cosey cave. To such a Western home the Unknown carried his bag. He pushed open the latchless door, lay down on the bench, and went to sleep. A biped housed with beetles. Industry and enterprise changed the scene. A log-house replaced the dug-out. Cheap at ten dollars, with its loop-holes for a rifle, and its dents of Pawnee bullets. The spaces of prairie were planted with corn. A well with a crystal eye looking up at the stars, and a half mile of willows and maples, six deep, and straight as an arrow, was a nest for the birds and a shelter from the winds that came from the Rockies. A garden, a farm, and a park. For a hundred miles and many more the land was a dead level of grass. Here and there a so-called town, consisting of a railway depot, a water-tank, perhaps an elevator, and a white hotel, with the usual population of some six land sharks, as many section hands, and some enterprising shoemaker, who teaches school by day and does his patching at night. Here and there in the wide intervals of solitude a dug-out, or the

more pretentious sod-house, giving one the idea that some ten by twelve feet of mother earth had turned itself inside out.

Society mostly Bohemian and German ; hard-working, coarse, and thrifty folk. Binding grain by night and hauling hay on Sundays. Clannish to a fault, and keen on the price of eggs and the good points of a horse. Here the Unknown was sandwiched between a slice of Austria and a layer of Prussia. In these conditions, and with some men, a homestead is a prison without walls. To some sensitive minds this kind of life was and is to-day simply a mental suicide. The County Board sending a wagon along to haul dead brains to the insane asylum. The demented landowner is no rarity on the wide plateaus of the West. Space is not a home, and is but a big hole, where all a man can find in it is himself.

THE SUNDAY BELL.

Engrossed with thought and toil, the Unknown was not so sensitive of solitude as are some. In more ways than one he had, as a matter of necessity, been solitary in a crowd, and a crowd by himself in a solitude. There is such a thing as being

able to find a companion even when the second man is absent. For all that, his mind was unconsciously drifting into that exquisite sensitiveness that hears thunder in the hum of a bee and an ocean roar in a wave of wind rolling over the corn. The mind in such conditions is a sounding-board. It was so illustrated in the experience of the Unknown in the matter of a Sunday bell less than a hundred pounds in weight, with a modest hammer and a very short rope, but ringing out an old chime three thousand miles away, and some twenty years a silence.

It was a quiet Sabbath morning. The oxen were lariatied on the prairie, the plough was idle in the furrow, the peace of day and nature, like the soul of a great content, on the little log cabin and the farm. A day so bright and clear and resonant of sound, that homesteads on the dip of the sky were as sparkles on a belt of blue, and the tinkle of distant cow-bells audible as the tick of a clock or the hum of the bee, the like of it in transparency and color seen only west of the Missouri or south of the Alps. The folks on the farm had eaten breakfast, the mud floor of the cabin swept of crumbs, the window plants set out in the sun, and the good old mother seated by the open

door with her ancient Bible, its leather cover a rag, its pages well thumbbed, and its register faded—dates and places long ago and far away. The Unknown was in his study among the weeds in a ravine known as “Snake Hollow.” He had chosen this place for his shrine and church in spite of an occasional rattlesnake and a prowling coyote. A Westminster in the weeds. This morning the wind brought a new sound over the hollow—the tap of a church-bell—the first heard in this solitude of grass and corn. It was electric. A brown face and a bare throat flushed and quivered. The listener lay flat on the grass. Had he a wet eye? It may be, but no one was near to see it. He was a village lad once more. The old Seething church was here ; its tower of Saxon flint ; its acre of graves ; its Sunday chime ; the old men with white heads in the chancel light ; the boys who shared with him the oaken bench mixing their keen treble in the old hymn and the ancient Litany. All now remote and gone ! Some under the daisies ; some under the sea. Blood on the stones of Delhi ; skeletons in the Khyber Pass. The verity, however, left. A Sabbath ! a chime ! a God ! and never more true to human need than this Sunday morning in “Snake Hollow.”

The Unknown thus expressed his emotions :

THE OLD CHIME.

O chime of bell ! still ringing yet,
Unheard, except by me—
An echo, never lost nor dumb,
As o'er the sand and hillocks come
The music of the sea.

O chime of bell ! sweet mystic sound—
A voice that sadly sweeps
Along the memories of years—
The spaces far of hopes and fears,
And sorrow's mournful deeps.

O chime of bell ! a grace of rhyme,
Commingling with the note,
As yet unchanted by the tongue,
And only heard, and only sung,
And born in angel's throat.

O chime of bell ! a prophecy
Of life and songs to come,
When to the rhythm of Heaven's key
The silent chords of memory
Are never, never dumb.

As in a broken ocean shell,
The singer of the deeps,
So in the chambers of the mind
The music of the life behind
Till Heaven's morning sleeps.

O chime of bell ! thou wast not born
In Time's abyss to die ;
Thy tremulous and deathless strain,
O'er interludes of death and pain,
Enchants the " by and by."

So sang the Unknown when he heard the Sunday bell on the banks of the Big Blue.

So sings many an emigrant, who garners his grain, and piles his dollars, and celebrates the Fourth with his name in the Land Office and a deed to eighty acres in his transatlantic trunk. In his memory a tear. It was well for the Unknown that his faith in the divine order of events should be nourished by his studies in Snake Hollow.

Misfortune, so called, can cross the Missouri. There were Philistines in Canaan, there were grasshoppers in Nebraska. Not a squad, nor a swarm, but a host. The sky was literally darkened. It was twilight at noon. The chickens mistook mid-day for sundown, and went to their roosts. The

grasshoppers fell like snowflakes. They choked the water-bucket, and were inches deep in the well. Every bush had its colony, every corn-field its nation. Homesteaders burned straw and fired guns, mashed the invaders with rollers and burned them with fire. The wheels of locomotives failed to grip the steel rails. Horses and wagons slipped on the green slime. Still the pitiless millions came down, ate the corn from the stalks and the wild plums from the kernel. By sundown the fields were bare and men were beggars. The Unknown a ruin, in eighty acres of locust and corn-stalk.

Next Sunday he was gone. Keely sat on a straw pile with his face in his hands. The aged mother went to the ridge of the divide with her last "Good-by." Few words were said. Saxon folk are not hysterical. A calm old stock, keeping its tears for dark places. She sat on the grass with her white head on her hand, watching the figure, with a bag and a hammock, fade out of sight.

Emigrant wagons with their white tops were moving eastward from the Platte, the Niobrara, and the Solomon River. A grim procession of insolvent grangers, some bound to the pine lands of Wisconsin, some to the plateaus of Illinois, with a drift opening up like a fan to Ohio, Indiana, and

the Alleghanies. The Unknown drove cattle for one of these East-bound bankrupts. The conditions: his bag in the wagon, his hammock on the wagon-reach, a tin pannikin, a dip in the family pot, and a bare-backed colt with a sharp spine, to ride. A tedious march; dead levels of prairie; roads sliding down like house-tops; spots of quagmire, where wagons were dug out with a spade; creeks shallow at sundown, torrents at sunrise; prairie fires leaping like yellow leopards over gullies and bushes, and areas of solitude where the white sand blinded the traveller and alkali dust cracked his lips. East of the Missouri the horse-thief and the desperado; the camp-fire burning all night, and the Unknown on picket duty alongside the cattle, listening for a rustle in the grass or, it might be, the crack of a gun—a man's brains being in some cases a fair bargain for a sound horse or a milch cow.

A GENTLEMAN OF THE BAR.

The Unknown was driving his cattle, at the break of day, down a broken ravine, for what of green grass might be found in its bottoms. A man? or a scarecrow? the question which, was squatted in a clump of scrub oaks. His hat had been in the

wars, his coat among thorns, and his pantaloons were an equal display of nakedness and dungaree.

"Good-morning," said the Unknown, touching his cap respectfully.

"What do yer take me for?" growled the scarecrow, "a tender-foot or a spring chicken?"

"Neither, sir," said the Unknown, "though I could swear you are a gentleman of the bar, with a large practice in cocktails."

"Right, my lad, right as a trivet," said the scarecrow with a Kerry nose and a Lancashire dialect; "you hit the nail on the head, and just now Jim Sweeney is on the penitent bench, with lots to be sorry for and nothing to eat."

The Unknown handed him his pannikin of cold mush and last night's milk. It disappeared.

"Good," said Sweeney, wiping his mouth, "but whose breakfast was that?"

"Yours," was the reply.

"What o' thy snap and sup, lad?"

"That's all right. I had that when you took yours. Where are you from, my man?"

"Sir, I had the honor of coming from Kerry, and the bad luck to fetch up at Omaha."

"What is your business?"

"Railroading for ten months in a year, and the

other two spent in practising at the bar of Jem Smith, a great hand at raising bull-dogs, game-cocks, and such scarecrows as Jim Sweeney. I make an annual trip to Jem's with a new suit o' duds on my back and the old uns in a valise. When my savings are gone, I hand over my new duds to Jem for a wind-up, and start back West in the old suit."

"What will the end be?" said the Unknown.

"Sir," said Sweeney, "I heard that once before, at the end o' a wagon-tongue in Cheyenne. It was at a lynching bee, three men with their toes off the sand and their necks in ropes. One o' the squad only a lad, with big eyes and a smooth chin. He wanted five minutes to drop a line to his mother. He didn't get it. I saw a trickle o' tear on his face as he looked over the crowd to the line o' the Rockies where the new moon hung like a sickle o' silver and stars twinkled over the snow. The rope was put round his neck and he was given a minute to speechify or pray. He lifted his hand like a parson, and what he said made all o' us think a bit. 'Boys,' he said, 'never fool with drink, dice, or the devil, for what the end will be, look at me.' He said no more, and in the snap o' your

THE MAN WITH A BAG AND A HAMMOCK. 201

eye he was swinging on the wagon-tongue. Jim Sweeney has no fear o' that ; but between a rope round your neck and snakes in your boots, there ain't a mile o' difference. What's to be done, lad, with the likes o' me ?"

"Sweeney, if you can't swim, keep out of the water ; for such as you, the only hope is the grace of God and lots of coffee. Retire from the bar and shovel gravel. Good-by."

The Missouri line passed, with its sheriffs and vigilants hunting thieves, the Unknown was summarily dismissed, the hammock unswung, the bag dumped on the prairie, and the cattle-driver left to his own resources. Not pleasant in such a place, and with some fifty pounds of bag and hammock to shoulder. He looked to his cartridges, read his Birmingham Testament, and wrote the following, which best explains the situation and an experience preceding it.

THE CATTLE-DRIVER AND THE PRAIRIE FLOWER.

The sky is red, the morning breaks,
The last pale star has fled,
And on the prairie sea of grass
The dawning glow is spread.

The dew along the cattle trail
Is tremulous with light,
And folding like a silver wing
The cold white mists of night.

The wolf has found his distant den,
The owl his lonely tree,
And soars the eagle of the range,
Untiring, proud, and free.

And fresh the wind, and sweet the air
That blows along the plain,
The fragrance as of many flowers
And gardens after rain.

My bed has been the tawny grass
That skirts the bold divide,
With here and there a pallid star
Of camp-fire on its side.

But solitude and weariness,
And perils of my lot,
Are buried in the golden sea
As verities forgot.

Misfortune, homelessness, and fate
Are each a shadow less,
As morning blossoms in a smile
Of light and loveliness.

So in my bridle-rein I hang
A string of prairie vine,
And in my pony's cloud of mane
The stars of color shine.

The mysteries of Time and Fate,
And changes yet to be,
The Hand that shaped my prairie flower
Will shape the rest for me.

So by the sumach and the oak,
And on the verdant sod,
I go in reverence and hope
As on the trail of God.

Nor heart shall fail, nor hope decline
To desecrate with fear,
The ministries of Providence
Around me everywhere.

Mungo Park, with his historic patch of African moss, and the cattle-driver, with his vine of prairie flowers, both drank of the same stream. Verily it is better to be able to read a leaf than it is to own the tree.

The Unknown shouldered his bag and went his way. Now and then he came to a camp-fire, and

talked in his old fore-castle fashion to the yellow-faced emigrant in patched pants and rusty-looking boots, going back to the Indiana swamps, and wondering "who that man was with a bag and a hammock."

He finds a man in the agonies of cholera-morbus lying in a hazel-patch by the Nishnabotona River, and nurses him back to his normal health. Stays for no thanks, but packs his bag and goes. "Who is he?" said an old Westerner, who had waxed wealthy on tax titles and his neighbors' misfortunes, and, as an example of financial wisdom, had absorbed five cents of the cholera patient's money for doing him the favor of selling him a pound of butter at New York prices, and changing his last five-dollar bill—a piece of usury common with some of the thrifty yeomen of Iowa. "Who is he, do you know? Some soft-head, I guess, or he wouldn't nare be nursing grasshopper victims, and washing their faces for nary a red cent. 'Tain't business. I'd never been a delegate to the State Convention on that line, of doing good for nothing. Who is the cuss, anyhow?" Nobody knows.

A PAIR OF BROKEN LEGS.

A little man of some five feet, a bag of yellow skin, with protruding bones, and a face that would look suspicious in a drug-store if wanting a package of "Rough on Rats." Such a man, with a gray horse and a white covered wagon, in which was a large woman and five small children, was halted on the prairie, giving his one cow a chance to recuperate on Iowa grass.

"Warm day, sir," said the Unknown, putting down his bag and sitting down by the wagon.

"Guess it is warm, stranger. Mighty good for melons, but hard on a lame man and a broken-winded old horse."

"How far are you going?"

"Guess I'm sartain of three hundred miles yet, right away into the old Hoosier State. Never thought of going back to the old swamp in this fix. Busted sartain, and a pair of broken legs into the bargain. I've had a high time for three years, stranger. Six miles from a neighbor, twenty miles from a tree. Three crops : one of short straw and no grain, dried up in a drought ; one with forty bushels to the acre, and only fifteen cents a bushel, and thirty miles to haul it, with old Jess and a mule

as somebody stole, and one, and the last, gone clean into a grasshopper's belly. Talk of industry getting its reward ! Guess I'm a good sample of that doctrine. 'Tis all luck, stranger. I don't believe God has anything to do with crops, and mighty little else across the Big Muddy."

"You may be getting the best kind of reward in your misfortunes, my friend."

"I should think so. Nice pay, ain't it? Answers well, I guess, for sweating seven months and hunting fire-wood for five."

"We can't judge what is best for us by the taste of it, my friend. Quinine for a fever, candy for a picnic. It's best to be thankful for the candy and believe in the quinine."

"Kinder queer doctrine that, stranger, though I guess to such as believes in it, it helps them out of a hole."

"You spoke of a pair of broken legs."

"I did, and 'ere they are in Hiram Somer's old boots. It come to this pass in one of the Dakota blizzards, with no wood in the shanty, and 'all the corn-cobs gone up of the stovepipe. I broke up Sally's old trunk and one of the chairs, and hitches up old Jess to scout for wood. The nearest stick of timber was twenty miles on a bee line. I gets

down to the creek, falls over a stump, and breaks my leg. A Dutchman sot it for me with some sticks, winds them up with the hitching strap, and fetches me home with half a cord of wood. I laid round long enough to burn that up, and had to scout for more. Broke the other leg that trip fooling with a mule. The same man sot me right again, only he did it in a hurry, with the wind a hooping up things at forty miles an hour, and twenty degrees, I guess, below zero, and I had another spell under the bed-quilt. When I gets round this time, I finds he sot it out of the straight line. You can see, stranger, the toes of one foot is looking at the heel of the other, kinder twisted-like. Can't help it now. Guess, stranger, you thinks I ain't swallowed enough of my peck of dirt, and more than that, there may be a peck of the same filling up for Hiram again. I guess if it wasn't for Sally and the babies I'd just as lief die as live. What do you say, stranger?"

"If the change would be for the better, you would be just as ready to live as to die, my friend. There are two hopes for you : one the grace of God, the other a quarter of beef. Faith, and something in the stomach, is what you are wanting. The best is free, the other ten cents a pound."

"Stranger, you talk sense. Camp with us to-night, and we'll talk this thing over."

The Unknown swung his hammock under the wagon, and the two men talked over the camp-fire far into the night. Results: Nobody knows. You must go to Indiana to find out.

ZACCHEUS IN AN APPLE-TREE.

An orchard on the side of a hill, its foot in the Nodaway and its head in a grove of maples. A pleasant place, and this particular afternoon, with a glint of sunlight on the apples and a ripple of wind in the leaves, an Arcadia to the Unknown with jaded legs and memories of barren acres and the Big Blue. A farmer was busy with a big basket in a tree, pulling the golden russets and placing them carefully in the plaited willows. A typical granger of the Western type, with a bunch of red hair on his chin, a brown face under a straw hat, and pants of many patches carelessly tucked in rusty-looking boots.

"Hello, stranger!" he said, with the emphasis in his nose and a certain inquisitive glance in his gray eyes, "howdy? Fine day! In among the apples, good crop this year, no worms, and the russets like balls of sugar. Where are you from?"

Nebraska, eh! Grasshoppers mighty bad, ain't they? Lots of 'em, I guess, and just grabbing everything but old iron and homesteaders. Bad on the poor devils as have no corn in the crib and no greenbacks in Lincoln. Crops seem mighty unsartain t'other side of the old Missouri. Guess us fellows on this side have a kind of claim on the Weather Office, where they deal out cyclones and grasshoppers for Democrats and sinners, and leave us Hawkeyes the best of luck and good corn. What's your opinion on this point, stranger?"

"Sir, if misfortune is judgment, blind Bartimeus was a greater rascal than Judas Iscariot with two good eyes and a skin full of the devil."

"Guess you're about half right, stranger, as I know there is lots of goodness in this section as goes along on corn-cake and thin shoes, and a heap of the other thing as eats ice-cream and rides on horseback. Kinder strange, ain't it? Don't look as if 'twas altogether square. What do you think? Is God running the machine? Do you think he would tangle up the yarn so as the likes of us couldn't find the two ends?"

"Sir," said the Unknown, "I cannot lift Iowa on a spade nor put the Nodaway in a spoon, nor

can I or you measure the ways of God with a tape-line. I accept what I cannot explain, and though I may not like the medicine, I believe in the doctor."

"Slick kind of talk that, but how does it pan out when the pocketbook is empty and a crop gone down a grasshopper's throat? It's the proof of a thing as I look at. Try a plank and then swear it is sound—that's my plan. How does your doctrine work?"

"Sir, I am a personal affidavit to its truthfulness. I have tried the plank and it never failed me, that I swear."

"That may all be, stranger, so far as you are concerned; but have you seen this kind of faith tested where the wind blows the nonsense out of men and doctrine ain't no good if it won't help a man in a pinch?"

"Sir, I have—on sea and land—in hunger and thirst—in pain and peril—in the struggles of life and the pangs of death."

"Never failed, eh?"

"Sir, the mountains are not so firm nor the tides so true. You may crack the Rockies, but who can break the grip of God?"

"Your faith is mighty strong, stranger, and so

far as you can see the points, it may be just as you say ; but there are two sides to this question. Have you studied both ?”

“ Sir, I have to the point of conviction. When that was reached, I left off investigating the baker to eat the bread. I know something of skepticism and its advocates, from Bradlaugh and Ingersoll, who use invectives, to Strauss and Renan, who use arguments. What Hume has written and Gibbon put in grander words, what Huxley has found out and Darwin proved and Tyndall investigated—all these things, so far as they go, clay for a brick and hemp for a rope ; but a protoplasm is not a soul and science is not salvation. It cannot get me rid of my sins. It cannot make me happy. It cannot give me the spirit that makes my duty a joy, and my misfortune a blessing, and my future an immortality. Sir, there is a mystery no scientific candle can light, and there is a light no agnostic can blow out.”

“ Stranger, you stick to your text and believe in the sermon. I wish I could lay my hand flat on the truth and swear to it as you do.”

“ I wish to God,” said the Unknown, “ that this day you were as I am, excepting misfortune and a pair of sore feet. Good-day !”

Zaccheus came down from the apple-tree with other things than russet apples, and years after made inquiries respecting the "man with a bag and a hammock." The old story, "Nobody knows."

For some two hundred miles the Unknown continued his march and his mission. It was full of such incidents. On fence-rails and plough-beams, in homes and barns, with good men and with bad, in wet weather and in dry, the old instinct was dominant. It may be that seed sown by the wayside sprang up, some day, to be an ear of grain, a handful, or a sheaf. Years after he heard tell of some man from the West with a bag and a hammock being a theme of interest and inquiry from the Missouri to the Raccoon. Who he was and what may have come of his evangel, Nobody knows.

A BUFF ENVELOPE.

A September afternoon, with a rainbow in the east and some inches of unctuous mud in the roads. The sunlight was sickly and pale, and the smoke of the city straggled in an aimless way over the tin roofs and damp shingles. Two rivers made a junction at a point in the bottom-lands, where a

covered bridge lay like a stripe of umber across the white water.

The Unknown stood under an oak on the bluffs, with folded arms and the old artillery bag. He took in a mental map of streets and spires at a glance, and soberly contemplated his chances for home and labor in the city of strangers. Here he was face to face with mills and warehouses ; locomotives were snorting in the valley, and the hum of wheels came up through the smoke to the peace of the sylvan hills. His mind went back to the log-house on the Blue, a white head, and the shrine in Snake Hollow. He was weary and wet, but not depressed. His thumb-nails had dropped off, worn to the quick binding heavy oats, but his faith in the Divine Fatherhood was yet a distinct and absolute certainty.

A man with a black beard and a buggy came along the bluff, and for some undivined reason stopped his horse and took a mental vignette of the Unknown. He asked a respectful question, and something in the reply prompted a new interest and a fresh interrogation. The man with a beard was profoundly interested, and taking a buff envelope from his wallet gave the Unknown a written introduction to one of the best men in the city,

of whose interest in the buff envelope more hereafter. A shake of the hands, a hearty good-by, and the stranger was gone.

“Thank God !” said the Unknown. “An angel for Hagar, a raven for the Tishbite, and a buff envelope for even me. Not forgotten !”

He shouldered his bag and went down the bluff into the smoke and the city.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE FREIGHT-HANDLER.

ABRAHAM packed his goods on a camel ; Vanderbilt loads an iron horse. The one was equal to a thin Arab and some bags of spice, the other a thousand tons of coal. Stephenson was the genius that has well-nigh obliterated the stage-coach and the lines of the dromedary express. It had needs be. Burdens were increasing, and backs were no broader. So much muscle to so much moving. The moving outgrew the muscle. Thus transportation was a problem till steam was a fact. Science evolutionized with tonnage. Watt and his tea-kettle were neither too late nor too soon. After coal, steam. After steam, the locomotive. What it supplies in carrying force to the needs of civilization is beyond any possible estimate. All the horses in England would fail in supplying London with six breakfasts in succession. All the mule muscle in the United States would be unavailable in hauling grain for the port of New

York. Tonnage and speed are two leading attributes in civilization. We owe them to the iron horse.

The freight-house is a necessary outgrowth of modern transportation, and as indispensable as the post-office. Business is really as much a matter of parcels as it is of money, and their distribution as important in a commercial sense. This involves system, skill, and hard work. Of the latter enough, with perspiration, as a rule, ahead of the pay. No place for a man milliner. The softer activities of industry are not here. Pig-iron and crates of crockery are solid facts for soft hands. It is for the Hivites and Hittites of labor to pile up gunnies of shot and bags of salt, make pyramids of ploughs and stacks of crowbars, peel their fingers and sprain their backs, and step from a hogshead of prunes to hernia and the hospital. Among these we find the Unknown in blue jeans and a jumper. He tugged and wrestled for ten hours a day with the rest. A representative gang: printer, school-master, cowboy, bookseller, and sailor. A Babel of tongues. High Dutch, low Dutch, Swedish, Danish, and Connemara Irish. Railway work to most of these, with its steady employment and sure pay, the acme of prosperity. To the more

intelligent a grim necessity or a preliminary to something better.

The Unknown was a marked man from the first day. He was plainly of a different stripe from the rest. This was enough to make him an object of imposition. For some reason the chief of the gang abetted this unmanly abuse. The boss in railway work is a king in his little kingdom, a Czar without Cossacks. The snap of his teeth at an offender is ominous of discharge. To please him in his wickedness or wit means another month's pay. Hence his indorsement of meanness is an official order to perpetuate it. The Unknown failed to smile at an obscene joke, to sneeze when his superior took snuff, or to run when the bull-dog barked. Such a sinner must either be converted or kept in purgatory. As he failed to reform he got the hot iron. He was favored with the heaviest boxes, the dirtiest green hides, the leaky barrel of tar, and the biggest bale of gingham. It was hard and cruel, and the more so with a man who would prefer personal suffering to the harm of a man or a dog. A truck was run over his foot with a nine-hundred-pound box of calicoes in its iron straps. It hurt him then, and when last heard from he was still in pain, ten years later. His boot was a

box of fire ; blood oozed from his toes. He set his teeth, had the old flash in his eye, but held his peace. He subsequently fractured a rib. A touch of the finger bent the bone. He took no notice, only held his breath and locked his jaw, when he bent his back to twelve hundred weight of shot, or a tierce of Carolina rice.

Rough pleasantries these, if you so translate the Doric. Amenities in prickly husks. Tickling the foot with the quill-point of a feather. Accept it so if you are an apologist for corporative inhumanity. We do not so anoint a Nero. Fun does not drop a spool of barbed wire on a man's foot, or catapult him down an inclined plank over the teeth of a harrow. If this is only horse play, pray what else was the hot-lead act in the Inquisition of Madrid, or the gentle revolutions of the thumb-screw in the Tower of London? For conscience' sake and a moral difference, the Unknown had blood on his socks and corporative curses in his ears. Martyrology is not yet a dead letter. Queen Mary is dead, but the Latimers are left. In the experience of the Unknown he had found old Polycarp in a factory and Hess in a back street. Simply a difference in the mode of slow death, and the fact that the hero in corduroy is never canon-

ized in Rome or named in Westminster. So it is ; so it will be till the day of reversions, when " the last shall be first, and the first shall be last." The new peerage will fix the status of true nobility. We cannot say that of the old.

The Unknown took no part in stealing cigars or tapping kegs of cognac. Found a broom and went to sweeping when obscene jokes were circulated and encored. . Altogether a novelty and not found every day, with its chin on a barrel of molasses and its shoes in a puddle of tar. Time changed his treatment, the boss became his best friend. Confidence, respect, and even a rough kind of affection followed antipathy and groundless malice. Green water had failed on a white stone. The humblest roustabout had a friend in the Unknown.

MARS UNDER A BAG OF COFFEE.

Mars had once worn epaulettes and a sword in a gilt scabbard. Duty and papers in red tape from the War Office had taken him round the world on good pay and with no loss of flesh. His family were of Norman blood, a race of thoroughbreds. A summer palace in sight of " The Needles," a daughter not unknown in Windsor Castle, an uncle

a canon in an ancient cathedral. In the Church, the army, and the court, among the stars.

Mars had drawn his sword often, but never blacked his boots. Rode a thoroughbred horse, but never cleaned the stable. Warmed over campfires, but never cut a stick. He had the planet for a promenade and a dinner-plate. Champagne from Marseilles, venison from Inverness, turtle soup in the Mansion House. His red cloth and buttons *vid* Pall Mall. Who more favored or with a surer foothold on the golden stair? Alas for the mutability of fortune! The coming down on Jacob's ladder to sleep on a stone. Mars was now shouldering bags of coffee for a dollar and twenty-five cents a day. Ten hours and a wet shirt.

Said he to the Unknown, as he dumped a bag of Java, "I have a sister in Java. Her husband owns one of the largest plantations on the island. Spent a summer with her once. Shot tigers, caught parrots, had siestas in the veranda, with mountain peaks to look at and the best Havannas to smoke. It may be this bag of Java comes from the old mountain farm."

The speaker was a tall, stately man, with the step of a guardsman and the face of a prince. To see him now with his nose on his knees dragging a

truck-load of sheep-pelts and hog-skins, with flies innumerable, and smells no words or noses care to assimilate, this was as complete and dramatic a picture of fallen greatness as Dumas or Thackeray could ever put on paper. Dignity with its white hands lacerated with pigs of lead and bundles of sheet-iron, and its Roman nose in the headless barrels of very old tallow and the decaying limbs of Western hogs, consigned to the tanks of the rendering-house. An old eagle pecking carrion.

His distinguishment in manner and person made him successor to the Unknown in abuse and imposition. Galway kept him at a dog-trot ; Berlin gave him the heaviest boxes. Abused in Dutch, cursed in Irish. Sometimes he would straighten his tall figure, bite his nails, and look away with a far-off gaze in his eyes. Poor old Mars ! Grand yet in human scorn and hog tallow. " Come in my dog-house and sit down," said the Unknown. " You are worried and worn out. Sit on this keg of nails and drink this water. Never mind your truck, I'll take a turn with that." And so he did. " The buttons are off your overalls, sir ; stay here till I sew them on."

The needle did its work, and Mars went back to

his truck with a stitch in his jeans and a new experience.

One day he swooned in the sun and lay on the planks in a state of unconsciousness. None cared. The heavy trucks rolled by his head, and bags of salt were piled at his feet. Men squirted tobacco across his face. For once the Unknown was roused. His eyes snapped. Tom Sayers was rising under his jumper. He led the helpless aristocrat to a secluded corner, washed his face and gave him brandy, pillowed his head on empty sacks, made a wall of coffin-cases around him, and divesting himself of his blue jumper, promised the first man that interfered the benefit of what he might know of boxing. Mars was left alone.

When the Unknown handed in his freight bills that night some of them were wet. Railway bills seldom are—at least with that kind of moisture.

Mars found a welcome to the fireside of his friend, and the old noble had many a nicety never seen in the house at any other time. For all that, the pathos of suffering was there. The old face a white slab over a dead soul. The Nazarenic philosophy of his friend was not his—that there was honor in hard work ; that misfortune was but

a pinch of quinine in a cup of mercy ; that by consecration to conscience and duty a hod-carrier is a priest and a mason a king. Such radicalisms and supposable verities were not comprehensible to old Mars. They might be understood in Bethnal Green, but never in Belgravia. Hence his hopelessness, and that drop of curdled milk on his tongue.

One day a cablegram. The canon uncle was dead. Buried with cathedral honors, a marble slab in the nave, a paper in mourning, and an annuity left for old Mars. He left the freight-house. What he may remember of the Nazarenic philosophy of the Unknown—duty, content, and human brotherhood—Nobody knows.

To such as never look in the annals of every-day life for the face of God and the broad marks of the eternal finger, such episodes are of no moment. The blindfolded see no celestial lights. Their only stars are Edison carbons. To the Unknown there were romances, biographical scraps, broken threads in the vital woof, fragments of spiritual worlds, gold of God's treasury, counterfeits from the devil's mint, all kinds of moral governments, comedies, melodramas, and tragedies. The scenery on pine planks, the footlights in eternities. All

in panorama and in such an every-day place as a freight-house.

Here a corner for dead brakesmen, white faces on a bundle of burlaps, waiting for the coroner. Old boots, twisted awry and cut in halves, belonging to feet cut off with car-wheels. Old blankets and pieces of shawls and bonnets from railway wrecks, foul with dry blood and the horrors of sudden death. Here boxes, trunks, and bundles waiting for owners that never came to claim their own. Strayed off somewhere—hospital, poorhouse, perhaps the morgue. Dumb preachers on mutability and human impotence, to make its own geography. Here baggage from all places and in all shapes. The Scandinavian chest, with iron hoops and yellow letters; sea-bags from Finland smelling of salt; stout boxes from Hamburg, trunks from Glasgow, and mysterious bales from Hong-Kong wrapped in woven grass and bound with bamboo. Stoves for emigrants, saddles for cowboys, picks for miners. To take this cosmopolitan heap in charge, protect from spoliation, and deliver to their several owners, was now made part of the Unknown's duty. Added to this the supervision of some thirty draymen. A picturesque squad, great with black-snakes and mules. Athletes in oil-skins,

muscular, noisy, and familiar with pig-iron and profanity. Such men are not easy to discipline or handle, but be it said, to the last Jehu cracking his whip at the freight-house of the Bottoms, they had a manly regard and a loyal respect for the Unknown, who many a time rectified their mistakes and saved them from discharge and disgrace.

His duties were onerous, noting names, tallying packages, examining seals on valuable boxes, straps on cases of cigars and shoes, tags on hides, leakages in barrels, accounts of every load, name of teamster, excess or deficit in weight. All this, with the signing of bills of delivery, was a matter of keen eyesight, close attention, and an enormous amount of Job's particular virtue. It was the work of three men put on one. For seven years the Unknown wrought and watched. It whitened his hair ; his fingers froze in winter ; his shirt was a dish-rag in summer. To this the record of never losing a package. It was not without a struggle. Busy days and sleepless nights. During these years he had more opportunities of doing real practical good than any bishop in the State. His parish was the West ; his parishioners in white-topped wagons and in trains heading to the Platte and the Rio Grande. Some settling on the trans-Missouri

plateaus, others crossing the Rockies and going north to Puget Sound, south to the Mexican line. None noticed and but few knew what he did when strapping up the end gate of an emigrant wagon. That was found out by the camp-fires far away. Without noise the shuttle threw its white thread. Simple means and silent service are the Nazarenic methods.

In a local sense, his "dog-house," so called, was a propaganda of charities and sticking-plaster.

"Mike is sick, sir. He'd be mighty glad to see you. Will yer come?"

"Pat has cracked his leg in the pit. Come round, sir, he wants to see you."

"Barney is on another spree. Will yer fetch him home, sir? He's somewhere in them shebangs on Second Street. A touch o' yer finger will fetch him. Larry is about dead wid the fever, and he wants his dad."

"Will you write a letter to John? He is in Cheyenne. Stole a ride on the cars. Wants to go cowboying. Got the Indian fever out of Buffalo Bill's books. You know you put some in the stove, when you told him they were no good for boys. It's no use of my writing. A scratch of yours will put the nonsense out of him."

"Can you get Tom a job, sir? Two children and no work. Anything will do, sir, that fetches in a dollar."

"Fritz has split his finger, will you strap it up?"

Mike got well, and kept away from the gang of rowdies he shook dice with.

Pat mended his morals when his leg was sound.

Barney came home and signed the pledge on Larry's pillow.

John got his letter. That and a bad cold brought him home. He became a good printer, and is now prospering. Happier on good pay than he could be on buffalo meat, with a Sioux scalp in his trunk.

Tom got work, and is now an owner of real estate and an up-town store.

The why and how of these metamorphoses, Nobody knows.

Fractions these, and only fractions of the currency minted in the great mint of human kindness. Penny pieces, sixpences, and threepenny bits, dropping down the big crack of need.

If a biscuit given to a beggar is of more service than antlered venison donated to a duke, then these commonplaces of kindness lose nothing by being done in a freight-house and only known to

the poor. "All she hath" was the moral glory of the widow's mite. "All he could" will be the palm of man's endeavor. Eternity and judgment orbit in the "*all*." Think not, O man with a heart of iron and a gift of gold, that what is in the fingers atones for what is lacking under the fifth rib. Apple-parings from the orchard are not enough. Crumbs from the loaf are insufficient. It is the whole apple and the whole loaf that finds its way to the basket of God. "All thy heart," "all thy soul," "all thy strength," and what they may have at command of cents and dollars.

It was this spirit that kept a bright face at the door of the freight-house and a kindly heart under a blue jumper.

Men came and went. The despot of his earlier experiences repented and died, and the Unknown forgave him when he put his hand on the dead face. One went into the priesthood, another to a cattle-ranch. One to an editorial chair, another to a merchant's desk. One left his brains on a bale of Iowa hay, another was found with a puncture in his breast and a pellet of lead in his heart, somewhere on the saline flats of Wyoming; and one, the choicest and rarest man of them all, was found under the wheels of a coal-car, with his fingers

scratching dust, and his lower limbs a shapeless heap of red rags and broken bones.

POOR PAT.

One of nature's best. Brave and gentle, resolute and kindly. Of few words and many thoughts. Loyal to duty, God, and his mother. Rough in exterior, with coarse and bristling hair. Hands all knuckles and sole leather. Homely in face and very indifferent in necktie, but a noble man for all that. His devotedness to an aged mother was simply beautiful, and in these days, when it may be said of children "there are none," it was notable and unique. She was helpless and bed-ridden in the shanty Pat had built on the river-front. He washed her face and hands every morning and made her bed every night. Prepared her meals, thought no ill of her infirmities, soothed her sleepless nights with Ave Marias, and never went forth to his labor, in his old coat and thick shoes, without leaving a kiss on her wrinkled face. Who says the golden calf, like the Pharis bull, has all the world in its belly—that heroics, if any in this age, are not in shanties? There are five thousand left who do not bend the knee to Baal, and Pat was one of the great reserve.

We know not how far the Unknown was helpful in shaping this outline of nobleness in blue jeans. Enough to say such a man was, and such nobleness a biographical fact, with hard hands and a knowledge of digging ditches and eating brown bread. Of vicissitude, trouble, and a permanent exile from recreation and society, for the sake of a withered face in a white cap. His death was as his life—a sacrifice, a mystery, only explainable in the truth expressed by the Unknown in the following lines dedicated to his Irish friend :

THE ACID ON THE GOLD.

The bruised olive gives the oil,
The broken grape the wine,
And from the voids of blinded night
The waking planets shine.

The falling blossom leaves the fruit,
The trampled sheaf the grain,
And out of clouds and broken skies
The silver streams of rain.

The breaking of an ocean shell
Brings out the pearl to light,
And acid on the miner's gold
Reveals the metal bright.

And thus it is of nobler man,
And all he has to give,
He leaves the shroud of what he was
The better life to live.

The wordless cry of stricken soul,
The birth-note of a chime,
A melody that rings beyond
The listening of time.

By sacrifice and way of fire,
The best we gain or know,
The crown is but the blossoming
Of broken cross below.

O mystery ! divine and great,
The bitter makes the sweet,
And heard among the trampled vines
The sound of angels' feet.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE LABORER'S FRIEND.

LABOR has more paymasters than friends. It is not an allegory, but a fact, grim, indeed, but true, that, in popular parlance, it "gets more kicks than halfpence." Perspiration and heavy lifting are not social recommendations. They were not so with Roman patricians, who fed Nubian lions with slaves, and yellow leopards with Helots, and they are not so to-day, even with the democracies with palaces on the Hudson and pitmen in Pennsylvania. The statute-book is or may be Mosaic. The corporation can be, and sometimes is, Draconic. It has ten fingers—five in kid, five in iron. It may be humane at the central office, and know nothing of the hydra-headed inhumanities enacted in its name and eating ice-cream on its salaries. Good men and sound dividends at one end, *vice versa* at the other. The sub-official is really master of the situation. It is so of business necessity. In fact, corporations are a series of satrapships—the depu-

tized element largely capable both for good and evil, and directly responsible for most of the latter. It requires special qualities. Iron the most in demand. Wesley out of place in Wellington's saddle. The petty boss is not necessarily a brute, though he would stand no chance of an appointment unless he was a late evolution of something in that direction. Driving power is really the prerequisite to a fair salary and a gang of men. An excellent quality with a slow mule and a pushing corporation, with its usual squad of hangers-on, mostly two thirds collar and the rest cigar.

The outgrowth of this labor coercion : on the one side an increase of dividends and millionaires ; on the other of malcontents, strikers, anarchists, and gas-pipe bombs. The Unknown was not a demagogue nor a tuft-hunter. He had no use for exaggeration. A mole-hill was not a Matterhorn, nor a sore thumb a palsied arm.

"Honor to whom honor is due," was his rule with his superiors. Capital had its rights as well as its duties, and much of its abuse was due not to the men who invested their money, but to some who spent it. The labor troubles of later years were then in their inception. The seed of the big thistle was being sown. Twelve hours' work in ten

hours' time. Six dollars' pay for ten dollars' service.

He had his own ideas of industrial relationships. His platform—justice, humanity, and the New Testament. All men are brothers. Business should be no breach in the kinship. Unfashionable then, unfashionable now, but, sooner or later, the last plank left to span the chasm. Imbued with this spirit, he undertook the cause of such as were wronged or oppressed. Their name was legion; their ruler Cæsar. To intervene or interfere was an innovation. It might be success, it might be disaster. Taking a lamb from a leopard is risky for the fingers. Some one did it. Every seizure was a success. Men were saved from ignominy and hunger. How? Nobody knows.

THE HUNGRY ROUSTABOUT.

A little man with a shock of red hair and a biography. Ex-cowboy, ex-stage-driver, ex-soldier, ex-miner, ex-hod-carrier, ex-farmer, and ex-tramp. He had a family of five children, a sick wife, and a grandmother. Wages as a roustabout, six dollars a week. Two for rent, and four left to pay for twenty-four meals a day, for eight mouths. Eight pairs of feet to keep in socks and shoes. Eight

bodies to clothe in calico or jeans. School-books were incidentals, but they cost money. Powders and pills from the apothecary called for cash, and physic is sure to be a necessity where the front door is by the trap-gate of a sewer, and the back window opens in a stable-yard. Mark the pestle and mortar in all localities that are more blessed in what they give of smells than in what they receive of good air and wholesome beef.

To these foregoing expenses there was milk for a sick infant. Its mother's breast long since dry of semi-starvation and hard work.

Was four dollars sufficient for these things?

Experiment for six days, and see what the seventh would bring forth.

Tab sat over his old stove one winter's night. Not so much for its warmth as its company. Nowadays its fuel was scanty and limited to corn-cobs. His wife was in bed, sick, thin, and cold. Granny sat in a corner, with fingers like a turkey's yellow claws, clutching the black bowl of a clay pipe, in which there was more suction at one end than smoke at the other. Mattie, the eldest of the five children, was moaning on a bag of corn-husks, crimson with fever and tortured with cracked lips and a tongue of fire. The other children were

coiled up, like a heap of kittens, on a stable blanket.

A grim and desolate place, with the sickly glare of a very smoky lamp to profile its figures on the floor and the bare walls. And yet, as God knows, this pathos, poverty, and bitterness, the sin of a corporation.

"Cold night, Tab," said the Unknown.

"Yes, sir, a regular blizzard, and bad for the bones o' the like o' us with no flesh nor flannel to cover them, and not a lump o' coal in the box. Credit gone, sir. Work gone. All gone but us as is sitting in cold water, and no chance o' getting out o' the tub."

"Tab, would you like to have work on hand to-morrow?"

"Guess I'd jump at it."

"No such luck," said granny.

"Pray God he could," said the wife.

"By the help of God, he shall," said the Unknown. "Good-night."

Next day Tab was hauling boxes.

"How was it, Tab?"

"Guess there's only two folks as knows. Outside o' them Nobody knows."

A pair of frozen ears, a reprimand for interfer-

ence, a piece of paper, and a two-miles' tramp at midnight were at the back of Tab's good fortune.

Tab was but one on a long roll-call of reinstated men. The watchman on the Bottoms, familiar with a certain lantern, going in among the shanties in search of corporation Tabs.

THE STRIKE OF '76.

In '76 the great strike. The Pittsburg bonfire, Snyder rifles, cinders, and dead men. Freight-cars motionless on side-tracks. The tocsin ringing across a hemisphere. Wall Street sick. Washington military. The public mind in a state of trepidation. Suspense spread in two wings, east and west, from the spine of the Alleghanies. Labor combination was a new force. Would it travel like a cyclone or settle in quiet compromise? This note of interrogation —?—was the hump-backed spectre of the crisis.

Would the strike reach the freight-house in the Bottoms? It might. Such things are contagious. Sparks are dangerous in dry straw. Sometimes, however, it needs but a circumstance to avert an event. A pinch of wet powder deflects a cannon-ball. A finger in the crack of a dike averts a flood. A button stops a bullet and gives to his

tory a Cromwell. In this case the Unknown might be a common button. The laborer's friend might have a word in averting a catastrophe. So thought the manager of the Bottoms. Reputably a man in an alligator-skin. In fact, humane and kindly inside the official armor.

"What do you think of this trouble?" he asked the man in a blouse.

"As I do of a crop of oats, sir. A natural result."

"How's that? I don't understand."

"Oats after oats, sir. Thistles after thistles."

"I'm in the dark still."

"Well, sir, to be plain, low wages and high dividends. Twelve hours' work, ten hours' pay."

"Causes, as you think them to be?"

"Yes, sir. As a hen is of an egg and an egg of a hen."

"What about stopping this thing?"

"As you would a locomotive, sir. Shut off the steam."

"What's the steam?"

"Discontent, sir."

"What's your idea of carrying out your remedy?"

"Arbitration, sir."

"What's that?"

"Two sides to a question and two parties in the settlement, with a third for an umpire."

"Was it ever tried?"

"Many a time, sir."

"With what results?"

"Brain replaced brute force. Brotherhood of interest dispensed with brickbats."

"Can you put your ideas in suitable shape for a newspaper?"

"Perhaps so."

"Will you do so to-night and fetch the copy to my house?"

"I will do so."

"All right. Do your best. God keep the strike away from my station."

"Amen," said the Unknown.

He went to his boarding-house, cooled his hands at the hydrant, and filled up his sheet of paper on the shelf of a sewing-machine.

Next morning it was Western property. To the general public the idea was as novel as Paul's sermon to Agrippa. It had its critics. Some men find a vein of lead in the Golden Rule. Some said the idea was English, and that was enough to make a second edition of 1812. Innovation, com-

munism, crankism, and sentiment were so many epithets pinned to this new advocacy of arbitration.

To the average mind it was self-convincing. It was discussed in mines, counting-rooms, and in round-houses. Anyhow it had its desired effect, and has never slumbered since in public discussion, being, ten years after, a plank in a political platform. It was at that time oil on the troubled waters. Whence it came? known only to the manager and the man.

The Unknown was now, by personal conviction, committed to the advocacy of a vital truth. He was not ashamed of his faith. He stood by it in private disputes and trade troubles. It was missionary work among white Zulus. Men still clung to old barbarisms. "Lock out, if they won't work," said the manager. "Pack up your picks, if they won't pay," said the miner. The pits were closed. Miners held meetings. Operators held councils. One procession with lamps in their caps going north, another with guns going south. One for sympathy, the other for police purposes. "Bread," said the miner. "Incendiarism," said the sheriff.

The Unknown had no interest in mines, but he had in men. Wilberforce had no plantation in

Jamaica nor Wendell Phillips in the Carolinas, but they had real estate in the welfare of men in bondage. It was in some such spirit he undertook the rescue of the pits.

A PRIVATE CRUSADE.

A unique and original mission, undertaken in lamplight, in plain clothes and thick shoes, after twelve hours of work and no supper. Under no orders, with no authority and no manner of interest. Attempted and accomplished without a witness or a companion. "Every man for himself and the devil for the hindmost," the motto of most men. Not all, but nearly so. In this case a strange exception. Perhaps it is well such oddities break the monotony. A pinch of salt is not out of place when the meat is visited with hot weather and flies.

Up the hill and out to the bluffs, where the home of the coal king is a splendor under the stars. Face to face, on the soft rich carpet, and in surroundings of bric-à-brac, pictures, and books. One man rich, the other poor. On easy terms nevertheless. They were not strangers. The Unknown owed his present employment to his wealthy friend and a buff envelope, and he, in turn, owed more

than he knew to his poorer friend. This was not the first visit of this kind, only the last of a series. It was the old story. Galileo talking curves to an angular man. "Arbitration was theoretically sound, but practically hollow. It would do in a study, with imaginary men, but in a coal-pit, with muscular and cross-grained pitmen, it was only a paper sail on an iron ship."

"And after all," said the operator in his old, kindly way, "you are without authority. Ask yourself who it is you represent?"

"A truth in the minority, sir, with God for reference," said the Unknown.

"That may all be, and I am convinced of your sincerity, but we cannot fit a round man in a square hole."

"Sir, that is true, but in industrial concerns, so far as justice, humanity, and brotherhood goes, God made the round man. Man made the square hole, and we are blindly insisting on the Divine Architect modifying his designs to accommodate the human carpenter. Fit the hole to the man and then the man fits the hole. The time is coming, sir—yea, now is—that human rights must rule in human business. Your men are not brainless brutes, and you, to my knowledge, are neither

heartless nor oppressive, and, as far as I can see, the way of harmony lies in putting together the two halves of one apple as they were before the knife went through the middle. Convince your men of your personal good-will, of the reasons, as you have given them to me, for a forced reduction in wages, and, my hat to yours, sir, there is not a man in the pits that will strike for two cents when he is convinced all you can pay is but one. See the leader of this strike as you have seen me, on confidential terms, and make a trial of conciliation."

"That might be of service, but the man could not be got here with four horses and a stout rope."

"Say the word, sir, and I will have him here, if I fetch him on a wheelbarrow."

"All right. Next Sunday I will be at home and at his service."

"Sir, I am glad you so determine. Good-night."

The Unknown sat down on the stone stair of the State Capitol to rest, unloosed his shoes, for his feet were hot and blistering, and looked over the city below going to sleep, half of it already in night-caps; the long lines of lamps intersecting

the dark squares of brick and stone, like gold braid on a black tunic ; the river full of stars ; the line of bluffs to the south, on which he stood one autumn day with his bag on his back. Like Jacob, he had crossed the Jabbok with only his staff ; now he collated the memories scattered over seven years. Here and there. On the hills and down in the bottoms, some one eating the bread he had put in their way. This spot and that, some in light and some in shadow, where, this night, some candle of hope was shining he had lit ; and away there to the west, where the lamps straggled up the hills and died out of sight, as the white stars do in the blue abyss—there in the city of the dead, this and that of human clay, on which his hands had once been laid in tenderness and charity.

Full well he knew what was sweltering under the bed-quilt of night in the city at his feet—of suffering, poverty, shame, and sin—men brewing in the great vats of vice, the bitterness some day to scorch their lips and burn their throats—of struggling heroisms, rare virtues, and kings on straw beds ; and as his eyes rested on the dark bottoms, where the shanties of the pits were but specks, he thanked God that hungry children under the

shingles would have reason to thank Heaven for the work of that night.

It was even so. The king of the pits met the king of coal in the house on the bluff. In a few days the tap of the pick was heard in the mines. It might be said of the causes, Nobody knows.

CHAPTER XV.

THE WHITE BROTHER.

THE old South a memory, a relic, an orange-blossom and a dry root. What it was, of stately mansion, princely estate, ancient churches, and a retinue of servitors in black skins. Gone, and gone forever !

What it will be, of cities, mills, farms, and vineyards, getting out of prophecy into history. A land of waterways and sea-fronts, iron and coal, rare and costly wood. Forests waiting for the axe, savannas for the draining tile. Northern money and young apple-trees. California under the soil, corn-cake on the table.

The new South, as yet going to school and eating with a spoon, its future saviours in knickerbockers and short frocks. A coming nation in children's shoes.

As it is to-day, the Nemesis of a departed crime. The slavery of one generation the curse of the next. Like the blood-stain in Macbeth, neither pumice-

stone nor soap can erase a sin, or make an Ethiopian white. Freedom, education, and physical vitality, are making the emancipated African prolific at the cradle, and a majority at the poll.

On the one side a sense of supremacy, on the other a recoil from servitude. An iron boot and a wriggling worm the sequence of old conditions, the iron and the worm being but a transitory parenthesis between the First Reader to-day in a school-house and a woolly beard by and bye at the ballot-box.

The Unknown found himself in this nimbus of conditions, magnolia and ivy, by a duty owed to his aged mother. At seventy-six, snow was death in Iowa, sunshine might be life in Virginia. So he packed his bag once more, and sailed down the historic James to a home in the woods. A solitude of pine, swamp, and deserted fields. The population, so called, of varied complexions, black, yellow, and white.

The white fraction of the poorer class in many cases unambitious and contentedly poor. Homes of the most primitive kind, with ladders for stair-cases and trap-doors for windows. Sunshine and lizards came through the cracks, moonshine and

fog soaked through the shingles. Corn-cake and bacon the staples of life. Pine-knots for candles. Little reading, few newspapers, and people with white hair; not knowing the color of coal, or the name of the next county. Much of this incidental to localities where strangers are few, roadways obscure and bottomless, and districts semi-submerged in stagnant swamps, over which the bridge-way is a pole and the end of it a ditch. Keen withal and shrewd these hermits of the woods, but apt to let a log obstruct a roadway for weeks, before moving it out of the way of a wagon-wheel or a boot. Not idle or dissolute, but apathized and disposed to shiftlessness and as little exertion as necessary. A spare race and yellow-skinned, as behooves the eaters of thin bacon, and the subjects of calomel, quinine, and the chills. On the whole, as manly as they can be, and of better morals than usually found where money and beef are in excess, and in a certain courtesy of deportment, in hospitality, frankness, and general good-nature, with no superiors in this hemisphere, living on the same level of corn-cake and scanty nickels. Old Anglo-Saxon names, customs, virtues, faults, and vices, faithfully kept in Virginia salt. With less ague and better corn,

likely to reproduce the old heritage of intellect, chivalry, and comfort.

No mercantile contamination from millionaires. That kind of evil as yet undiscovered. The Wall Street fever happily rare, where that of the swamps is unfortunately more than enough. It is well. The maelstrom of ambition and greed swallows enough of souls and summer yachts. The log-boats and ox-carts to this date and day are safe.

For general indifference to the lunacy of ambition, the old South is as a meadow of grass, buttercups, and lambs, beside the business volcanoes East and West. To be content with enough—of plain food for the table, and good currency for the store—is certainly an unaccountable quiescence in the eruptive energies of Uncle Sam. The old South has yet to be vaccinated. When it is, the meadow-lark will make way for the factory-bell, the magnolia for the telephone-pole. More money, but who can insure the old content?

Among the first friends of the Unknown was

“OLD PUGH.”

Eighty-four years had whitened his head and crooked his figure. A bony, sinewy man. Had

he known less of malaria and more of beef, the possible model of an alderman. As it was, he was more familiar with an ox in a cart than a sirloin in a kettle. He was deaf, lame, and nearly blind. Poor ! All he had, a monthly allowance from the county, and what he might make of the one cow left from the herd of better days, a few hens, and a swamp hog. His shanty cost five dollars. Old weatherboarding, two windows, and a ladder leading to a loft. Outside, a patch of grass, a buttery three by two, covered with moss, an ancient loom and a spindle. A well from which the water was drawn by a transverse pole weighted with a big stone at one end, a square pine box for a bucket at the other, and a spring some twenty feet down, half hidden in ferns, and looking up like a white moon from the quiet depths.

A lilac-bush, a rose-tree, a trellis of grape-vines, and a patch of wintergreens made up the modest garden. The clearing was just a square hole cut in the pines and stocked with straggling trees—peach, plum, and cherry. In spring a bouquet of white and pink blossoms ; in summer a basket of cherry and peach. Here lived old Pugh, and here came the Unknown to buy his sup of milk and his pat of butter.

A quiet forest home, where the birds sang by day and the fox barked at night, with the dead of generations laid at rest inside the fence and under the hickory trees. Orchard and graveyard: Apples for the living, fence-corners for the dead. Truly Southern.

Apart from his shanty and his cow, old Pugh had neither child nor property. His last acre gone, his last kinsman dead. Alone! pitifully alone! A moral solitude in white hair and an old coat.

Eighty-four of years, less of cents, and no cake for visitors, are not likely to make new friends when the old are dead. It is sad, but it is so, and as true in the backwoods of Virginia as in the parlors of Fifth Avenue. He had visitors when the cherries were ripe and the peaches were bags of sugar, but such were invisible when he wanted an axe at his woodpile, and a pine-knot for his kettle. Here, however, in the shanty of old Pugh a place and a work for the Unknown. Some one left firewood by his door, split his pine-knots, churned his milk, cut his hair, mended his clothes, and was all things by turns, to be of service to a solitary man. There were daily readings in the shanty from books printed when Washington was

a boy. Poems of the Hebrew prophets, hymns of the shepherd king, and chimes of mercy from the Galilean hills. Pugh and his friend holding counsel on eternal verities over the blazing pine, under the mulberry-tree, and down by the swamp. Not in vain these sacraments of service, known only to Heaven, and seen only by the squirrels. Old Pugh was also a study to the Unknown, as a representative of the institution that fell in pieces at Gettysburg. His father had been a slave-owner in the good old times when the unadulterated article came straight to Virginia from the slave-pens of Zanzibar. Aborigines of the Congo and the Niger. Black, barbaric, and innocent of English and apple brandy. Some of their grandchildren now in Normal schools, and some with six cows where old Pugh had but one, and big farms where he had but a right to a cow-path—evidence, if any is-wanted, that something more than bone is under Ethiopian wool.

For some forty years Pugh had been overseer of slave plantations. An important position in the great enterprise of making cotton with the help of Africa. He superintended crops and the distribution of rations and rawhide. The rations once a week, the rawhide according to the behavior of the

slave or the biliousness of his owner. The one always enough, the other generally too much. The rawhide business not always pleasant or sightly to such a man as Pugh. A slave in ebony strapped to a pine, and a black back covered with blood and flies.

Occasionally the incident of an auction or a private sale. Men and mules sold on the same basis. Six hundred dollars and a speculator's wagon. A coil of hemp, a yard of chain, and what was not good for happiness or sleep. Family separations and broken hearts somewhere, not to be counterbalanced by a bag of gold, nor forgotten in a horn of apple brandy.

Only incidents—nothing more. Here and there a bloodhound, a dead slave, or a suicide with its face in the mud of a swamp. No matter, with prices good at New Orleans, cotton high in Manchester, and black twins numerous in Virginia.

Religion tolerated by some, prohibited by others. A hallelujah, thirty lashes. A prayer-meeting, thirty more. Not so in a general way, but enough of it to mix a pinch of retribution in the powder of Gettysburg.

The sacraments of domestic life a travesty.

Marriage a form, the matrimonial ceremony without obligation. Old Pugh's description of one characteristic of what it signified : a broom laid down on the floor of a smoke-house, Sal and Zoar as maid and man ranged alongside, with instructions to jump over the matrimonial stick when ordered to do so, the planter repeating a well-worn rhyme :

“ Rough and stormy be the weather,
Sal and Zoar I join together ;
Jump, Sal ! leap, Zoar !
Man and wife for evermore.”

Wedlock, doggerel, and an old broom, with a clown thrown in, and a baby to come. In the matter of food and raiment, enough of its kind. It was commercial wisdom to keep six hundred dollars' worth of merchandise in a good skin.

In many cases humane owners and contented slaves. Virginia, of all the slave States, in this respect the best. Old Pugh, with his forty years' experience, had, however, no faith in negro character. It was, in his experience, “cunning and swinish ; incapable of telling the truth and keeping its hands from picking and stealing. Servile in misfortune ; autocratic in a necktie ; a mystery to man, and a cousin to the ape.” So thought

Pugh, and such seems to be a fair exhibit of the old Southern sentiment.

With his compatriots he overlooked the fact, that race-taint and hereditary barbarism are not immediately removable, by putting it in American pants, and feeding it on Virginia bacon—forgetting that in less than two centuries the grandfathers of these men were eating snakes and worshipping gods of clay and stone. As it is, the grandson of a Hot-tentot is a social miracle, and is closer on the Saxon heel than his detractors care to acknowledge. Time, education, and Christianity are evolutionizing a good citizen, out of the imported African.

Old Pugh was witness to the social revolution effected by the Civil War, when a stroke of Lincoln's pen made the slave free and his owner poor. Agriculture was bankrupted ; the stately old mansions vacated ; the aristocracy of the plantations came down from hunting deer to hoeing corn. The scrub-oak invaded the wheat-field ; the black-berry was landlord of acres where the corn had tasselled in the sun ; the lizard was lord in cellars where wine had stained the floor, and the fox made his den where wealth had made its arbors. A time of trouble, stagnation, and suspended life.

Cannon had crushed the magnolia. Old Pugh, with the multitude, was poor. He had changed places with the slave. He split rails and cut logs, cultivated corn, raised his own potatoes, and what with his cow, and his hogs in the woods, with now and then a fish, a squirrel, or a wild turkey, he managed to get along. Misfortune made him serious, and the loss of property and friends directed his mind to the higher issues of life. In short, old Pugh was going heavenward *vid* the Poverty Line. The only route on the road with a crowd.

The Unknown was now its only exponent in the old man's shanty, and as a friend, the last candle shining in the night of his life. Old Pugh sickened and died. He was buried with the rest under the hickory-tree, in his dead hand a simple poem written by the Unknown, once a comfort in his life, and now a companion in his grave.

"I've heard tell of some stranger, over the swamp, that was mighty kind to old Pugh," said one man to another at the funeral. "Some says as how there was allers a pile of wood at his door of a cold morning, and nobody saw as who chopped it."

"So I hears, but I guess as Nobody knows."

The following meditation at the grave of old Pugh may add some interest to the lonely ridge :

THE WOODMAN'S GRAVE.

A solitude of lordly pines,
Of dogwood and the oak,
And cypress trees with mosses gray,
Old hollies splashed with crimson spray,
Old cedars tempest-broke.

The shadows creep along the turf
That robes the lonely hill,
Where but the song of forest bird
And bark of fox are ever heard,
All else is dumb and still.

A peaceful spot, a lonely grave,
A sleeper in the clay,
To wake again when Death's cold night
Shall vanish in the morning light
Of resurrection day.

There were other shanties in which the Unknown was a friend, here and there, in the solitudes of swamps and woods. The "poor whites," so called, a section of old times in the new. Their

ignorance phenomenal. Of history, commerce, geography, and even common knowledge some were painfully lacking. England might be on the Hudson, New York in Chesapeake Bay. The world was a pancake ; the sea a creek. John Bunyan might be, as one put it to the Unknown, "a man as cures right smart o' corns." Wesley might be hauling logs, Captain Cook frying steak at Richmond, and martyrs such as Latimer and Wycliffe might be a new kind of potato. What there may be of example and inspiration in what is, was, and is to be, absolutely non-existent to men and women unable to read, and restricted in knowledge to the difference between a peanut and a watermelon. The white African is a physiological fact, not a spurious progeny, but a genuine Caucasian, with the misfortune of being born in circumstances he had no hand in making—a ditch in which the old must stay, but out of which the young may climb.

He is not rich, nor can he be, on exhausted lands, with no knowledge of modern methods and little cash for guano ; nor is he likely to be ambitious or fat, when the end of his peanut crop is too often a pocket with nothing in it but four fingers and a sore thumb.

With these people the Unknown did what he could to crack up the old crust of ignorance, and start awakened minds up some ladder of thought, that might stop at the stars, or might reach the other side.

Of the wealthy with historic names, Norman blood, and colonial homesteads, the Unknown had but a perspective view. Enough, however, to see the departed glory, and the evolution of courtly manners and democratic perspiration, in contrast and affinity. Gentle manners, courteous grace, old-time hospitality—all assimilating with equal rights to wear a silk hat and hoe potatoes. Men and women not forgetful of their ancestry, and bringing up their boys to the science of earning what they eat. The remnant of an antique race, with no cross in the pedigree. The chivalry of Naseby and the baronies of Devon, and the pick of their kind, with a tankard of Malmesbury wine, and the sabres of King Charles.

Accepting misfortune, as Job of Chaldea did his three friends and the devil. Homeric soldiers, as seen in the saddles of Jackson, and begetting sons and daughters for the high places of history, but for all of that, the pilgrim pietist of Plymouth Rock, with long hair and a creed in a corset, has

moulded an empire of States, where the cavalier
has left a crumbling hall.

The Unknown wrote the following appeal in the
débris of a colonial mansion, left long ago to the
lizard and the black snake :

THE SLEEPING SOUTH.

Why slumberest thou at noon, fair Giantess,
With languor in thy rich red blood ?
Like some sad shadow of departed night
On morning's sea of golden flood.

Why dreamest thou of stars and pillowed rest,
The firefly from thy myrtles fled ?
And hope, with all its glad auroral light,
Is shining on thy queenly head.

Why no response of soul, tho' o'er thee swings
The silver tongue of Freedom's bell ?
Nor stirrest thou with sign or syllable,
Thy destiny or hope to tell.

Is on thy face the vengeful shadow left
Of days long gone, of smoke and blood,
That through thy sunlit paradise of vines
Swept in an overwhelming flood ?

The stun and stagger of that awful blow,
That filled thy sepulchres with slain,
Has left benumbed thy sad and sleeping soul,
That yet methinks will wake again.

Thy sin is gone—for which, in sterner days,
Thou hast a dread atonement made,
As on thy shields, by way of sacrifice,
Thy chosen and thy best were laid.

It cannot be but in thy lagging pulse
Shall stir the new unfolding life,
And in thy second birth the grander man
Than he of discord or of strife.

The faith of right, with vision far and keen,
To touch the sky and reach the sea,
Shall yet be thine in all it signifies,
When thou at last awake shall be.

Accept the challenge of thy destiny !
Arise and meet thy coming hour !
Not as thou wert, but as thou art to be,
In nobler things and greater power.

CROSSING THE COLOR-LINE.

The Unknown made a special study of the
colored class as found in the shanties and woods

of his locality. Here his field of service. Mostly ex-slaves, hard workers, and lovers of ease when such could find it. A compromise between the extremes, according to the state of the pantry. Tropical in all things—in the singing of a hymn and the choice of a necktie. A tear, a hallelujah, and a request for a pipe of tobacco, all in a breath. The last cake eaten, the last penny spent, no work, no money, and, perhaps, no bed, but singing like bullfinches, and if in a Sunday coat as proud as Lucifer, and as dignified as Chesterfield. Knee-deep in swamp mud, stung by May flies, bitten by mosquitoes, and yet the chorus of a lusty song drowning the thud of a hundred axes. Melancholy unknown. A block of white teeth and a broad grin, with nothing to eat and the bottom out of his pants—a quality that in slave days made him docile, and kept him from hanging himself.

On the other hand, prosperity and promotion reveal his want of moral spine. A brass button makes him a king, a little office upsets his balance. Here the vulnerable heel of the black Jove, and just here the politician puts in his work, the anglers for office, catching black bass with a brass fly. Vanity of this kind, however, not exclusively African. It is the feminine quality of all hot-blooded

racés, and in this matter the Ethiopian is the Celt of the South. He is picturesque and dramatic. Imagination and emotion govern him. In dress an artist, in religion an enthusiast. He can pray to-day and swear to-morrow. A hosanna in the camp-meeting, a curse in the woods. He enjoys the hosanna ; he enjoys the anathema. This is not orthodox practice, we admit, and may seem to be scandalous ; but, after all, it is only a distinction without a difference between him and the more prudent Saxon, who can take the sacrament, with a cut-throat mortgage in his pocket.

It is a fact, however, that there is probably no race of people on the globe in which the religious instinct is more strongly marked than in the ex-slaves of old Virginia. They know somewhat of a persecuted faith, of secret conventions in shanties and river brakes, of blood on the back for conscience' sake, and of short rations for love-feasts and class-meetings. All this and other things that are unnamable, but historic, made religion an inalienable heritage of hope and pathos, with a cross on this side and a palm branch on the other.

THE DEBORAH OF THE BRAKES.

A stately woman in a saffron skin and a pine shanty. A dramatic personage some six feet in length, broad shoulders, and a pair of black, electric eyes. Eloquent in metaphor, and grand in hymnology. When she spoke, all else were dumb; when she sang, the echo came back from the pines. So singularly intense and queenly, the "poor whites" thought her a prophetess, and her own kin called her a sorceress. To the Unknown this Deborah was a study, and every Sunday afternoon it was his wont, book in hand, to visit her shanty and read to such as were willing to crowd in and hear. This was a new experience. "Eighty years and more hab I lived, hoeing corn and pulling cotton," said Uncle Robert, "but till now, neber had a white man sit down and read out ob a book to the likes ob me. Lor', sah, you don't hab no idee how we be full ob wonder like, to hear a white brudder talk as you does, with his head under a nigger's shingles. Dey talk in de papers, so I hears, and in de pulpit, ob freedom, and de good Lord's lubbing all folks alike, but dey keep away from de poor man's house, as de frog in de swamp does from a water moccasin. We get de church

fodder ebery fortnight, but de oder days we 'pend on de Sperit for what we get, and 'tain't coming nohow else, if you keeps away."

Deborah was profoundly unconscious of second causes. A memory, a good thought, an inspiration of the higher life, was a direct communication from the Spirit, a telegraph despatch, in which the wire and the cipher were identified with the sender. In this faith she was antique rather than modern. Like the ancient seers, there was no scientific medium in the transmission of inspirations. David saw the glory of a first cause in the sun, moon, and stars, and heard its voice in the winds and thunders. If he was mistaken, Deborah was wrong. If Deborah was deceived, Christianity is a historic heresy. If not, why deny an ex-slave the privilege we claim for a Bunyan and a Wesley?

Her theology came of experience, as she said. "You don't know and nobody knows de fires de Lord's children had to pass through before de wah. It was de black Shadrach and 'Bednego in de furnace, sartain."

AUNT DINAH.

"Dere was Aunt Dinah on de plantation ob Massa John, by de Blackwater. She was powerful

'ligious. De gospel trumpet in de shanties. She was 'joicing in de Sperit all de time ; at de corn-planting, and de pulling ob de fodder, at de gin wid de cotton, and in de field wid de hoe. Praying wid de sick, singing to de well. Dere was no time dat Dinah's lamp went out. She made de corn-cakes for de sick. She was powerful wid de hearts as broke, when de massa sold de husband from de wife, and de children from de mother. Just ebery-thing, sah. De sun in summer, de rain in spring, and de white star in de sky when de woods are dark. I sees her now, though so be her bones are white in de swamp. I sees her plain, wid her white handkerchief on her head, and de old striped calico frock, de hoe in her hands, and de smile on her face, like de rainbow in de black sky. She gets so powerful full ob de Sperit dat her Massa says, she must give up 'ligion, or go widout her rations. 'Massa John,' she said, 'de corn-meal is good, de bacon is good, but de Lord is better.' 'Dinah,' he says, 'you be an ole fool ; you'll find dat de 'ligion can't lib widout de bacon.' 'De Lord first, de bacon next,' said Dinah. And sure enuff she kept de Lord, but lost de bacon. She got mighty thin and weak. She was up wid de horn, in de sun and de rain, stripping fodder from de corn

and hauling riders for de fences, till she gets so powerful weak dat she has to lie on de bag ob shucks in de shanty, and watch de lizards on de boards. Massa John gets scared, and tells her he will send her de best chicken on de plantation, if she will just let de Lord mind His own business. 'No, massa,' she say, 'Dinah wants no chicken. Old cypress won't keep me out de golden gate. I hears de click ob de latch. Oh, Massa John, de Lord hab mercy on ye! You see my hands, like de turkey's foot, my arms only two black sticks. My cheeks is hollow, my strength is gone. Dinah is but a bag ob bones. But, Massa John, as de Lord libeth, dis candle is shining though de lamp be broke. I'se gwine home.' Massa John was mighty 'fected when Dinah was put in de ground. He sat on de stoop ob de house all day, wid a big jug ob applejack. Yes, sah, Dinah is under de ground; de swamp has riz ober her grave; de frog and de turtle are ober her body; de black mud is ober de white bones; but dere is some one in de land ob milk and honey—up dere, sah, up above de sun and de stars, and dat is Aunt Dinah."

GWINE HOME.

A-gwine home, a-gwine home, from de hoeing ob
de corn,

De pulling ob de fodder leaf, de blowing ob de
horn.

A-gwine home, a-gwine home, for de sun is down
de west,

De star is o'er de cedar tree, de bird is in de nest.

A-gwine home, a-gwine home, de melon in de
lane,

De honey in de maple-tree, de sugar in de cane.

A-gwine home, a-gwine home, de Lord is at de
door,

De slipper ob de angel's foot is on de golden floor.

A-gwine home, a-gwine home, I'se on de shining
stair,

De robe ob white is on de peg, de harp is by de
chair.

A-gwine home, a-gwine home, from out de cotton-
patch,

And when I reach de pearly gate, de Lord will
lift de latch.

It is true that the Johns were not many, and still as true that the Dinahs were as rare, but enough of each to show the hideous possibilities of slavery, and the moral grandeur reachable by a slave.

Deborah was in herself a biography of struggle and faith. She could tell of secret meetings under the gum-trees in the river-brakes, where hunted souls crept like rabbits in the dead of the night, but, like the shepherds of Bethlehem, heard the angels under the stars ; of love-feasts in the shanties, when the pine torch was extinguished and the candle blown out, and a water-basin placed bottom upward by the door to drown the singing of a shanty psalm.

It is true these assemblies were prohibited, not always as against religion, but the possibilities of social conspiracies. "Nat's Rebellion," as an example, with its wild outbreak of barbaric butchery, its drunken cut-throats, bloody cradles, and mothers' brains on door-steps and stairs. Africa let loose, till the shot-gun and the bayonet suppressed an incipient rebellion. The South had its bed on a volcano, and it was needful to watch its black crater. This the Nemesis of a sin. Plant the bramble and harvest the thorn.

Outside of social reasons for making raids on

prayer-meetings, and suspecting them of being conspiracies in disguise, the case of Aunt Dinah explains the personal causes of religious persecution. Virginia was not Guiana. It might sell a slave, but it did not wish to damn him. Bondage was one thing, salvation another. It might be in social ethics to keep color in a back seat, but no law of the Old Dominion could keep it out of Heaven, if it wanted to get there.

Christianity was recognized, the Church was an institution, the minister held in reverence. It was, however, understood that there was a color-line even at the altar. The seventh day was as the six. Two classes. Black and white. Separate! distinct! and never a unit.

It was so at the sacramental cup. It was so in the order of service. Shem had his feast. Ham ate the crumbs.

PREACHERS OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

"De preachers dem days was a sight," said Deborah. "De old prophets and de twelve 'postles. When dey were in de field, de wheat went down afore de sickle. Dere was old Tom Easton and Billy Buxton. When dey preached, de word went round de church, 'Hitch up de mules and

hold on to de pines.' Dey was times ob lightning and thunder, sah. People fell as if dey was knocked down, in de church, on de floor, and out ob de winders. Dere was Uncle Dick, he comes along one Sunday wid a pack ob cards in his hat. He won de last penny ob Uncle Bokar dat morn-ing, and he looks in de church winder for some oder chicken to pluck, when Brudder Buxton sees him. He just waves his hand and says some few words, and Uncle Dick drops off de winder like a dead squirrel. When he gets back to de plantation, he was dumb for two days. Not a bite went in his mouth, not a word come out. After dat he shouts hallelujah, hallelujah all de time and eberywhere, in de woods and de field, ober de corn-cake and behind de steers. His massa sets him a-rolling logs, and ebery time Uncle Dick lets out a hallelujah, de massa knocks him down. 'Hit away, Massa,' he says; 'you can't knock de Lord out ob Uncle Dick.' He's libing now, and one ob de best exhorters we has had since de wah. De new kind ob preachers, Lor' a mercy, sah, dey are nowhere. Dis all dictionary and white collar nowadays; de old sperit is gone."

It would seem, by general consent, that the old type of preacher was antique and pentecostal.

Simple, earnest, courageous men. God a Person, judgment a fact. Heaven real as Virginia, hell as it was before the Andover explanation. Shakers of dry bones, these men, shutting the mouths of lions, quenching the violence of fire. After Paul's heart and Wesley's choice. Where are their equals? Who carries the old tripod? Boanerges dumb. Pan playing soft solos on his river-reed. Was it that the hour brought the man? Is it now, that both are fossils in the strata of the eternities? A grave question. One thing is sure: some of the old salt is yet wanted, to keep the old verities from the flies. We are singing Handel, paying five dollars for missals, wearing ivory crucifixes; but, somehow, the light is low, and the world is dark. Some of it in New York, black as Zambezi. It may be progress in a new phase. It may be stagnation. Which?

The Deborah shanty on Sunday afternoons was an interesting study. Its dingy weather-boards, sun-cracked and warped, with the mud-fly's nest of white clay here and there on the wall; its wide chimney of slab and dry clay; its rickety floor and solitary window. Touches of color here and there of chromos and advertising-cards. Wooden bee-hives under the window, and a black pig with

Dundreary whiskers under the floor. The neighbors in garments of many colors. Dusky damsels smoking home-cured tobacco. Children in rimless hats and gaudy calico. A motley crowd, odorous and dusky, but being taught of facts and truths hitherto unimagined and unknown. The strangest sight of all, as seen from the African side of the shanty, a white brother with a book, not after taxes, nor kissing babies for votes. A social mystery in a blue jacket.

There were other shanties than Deborah's, and other days than Sundays, and it was no strange sight to see the white brother on a cypress block, instructing a group of black figures, squatted on the pine tags, from the swamps of the Blackwater, and the orchards of the Roanoke. Sowing in African fallows the seeds of industry, economy, and morals. Advocating soap and cold water as a part of Christian duty ; the whitewash-brush and a stout broom as means of grace ; self-help and co-operation as aids in industrial progress.

" Help yourselves. Educate your children. Be men and not bell-boys. Work, economize, less time on a dry-goods box, and better things for hard-earned nickels than gingersnaps and peppermints. Less of the dice-box, and fewer rags on

your backs. No wheelbarrow route-up the apple-tree—climb if you want the fruit. Move on with white labor to the savings-bank, and such advanced principles of industrial life as profit-sharing and co-operation.” In self-help, hard work, and character, and not in Washington or politics, the future of yourselves and your children. Salvation is not in the Senate, but in the school and the wood-pile, “in making your own contracts, running your own stores, and turning over your own land with the nose of a plough.”

It took time to get such radical economic truth in thick heads, but the Unknown foresaw in the Rochdale gospel and self-help, the industrial hope of the colored man.

The drop of yeast is working in the lump of dough. Here and there a timid effort is made in the Toad Lane direction, in contracts for cordwood, and colonizing land. It is talked of on the Appomattox and along the Patapsco. There are causes, direct and accessory. One, however, Nobody knows.

CHAPTER XVI.

WHEN LAST HEARD FROM.

BALTIMORE was going to bed. Church-goers, with sermons in their night-caps, and pleasure-seekers from Bay Ridge, with the usual quantity of lemonade and Chesapeake air. The Patapsco was a black ribbon, with an embroidery of ship-rigging and masts.

The ferryman at the Wharf sat on his bench in the shadow of an old boat-house, his lantern lighted, and a squad of his neighbors smoking their pipes and drinking lager.

A schooner lay alongside the wharf, her lights out and her one top-mast projecting, like a black stick, above the piles of pine lumber.

"Something wrong aboard that craft," said the old ferryman. "One of the crew sick, I guess. I've heard him squealing for more than an hour. A forecastle hand, I guess, as I see no light in the cabin."

"A nigger with the colic," said one of the men.

"A case of too much watermelon and too little belly. Ought to be gagged or sent to the hospital."

* * * * *

A row-boat came across the river from the direction of the Old Bethel, with two men and a lantern. It rocked awhile in the heavy swell of an ocean steamer, and glided in among the shadows of the shipping. Five cents to the boatman, and the passenger clambered up the wharf stairs.

"Kinder risky 'this time o' night, sir, along these wharves. Have a care."

"It's all right," said the man ashore. "Good-night."

* * * * *

A man came down to the old ferry by the schooner, and after asking for a few matches, found his way through a private door to the wharf.

"Steer clear o' the lumber piles, sir, and mind how you step down to the schooner, the tide is low, and her hawser is none too taut."

"How are you, Rufus?" said a cheery voice in the forecabin, where the darkness and the smell divided the honors.

"Mighty bad off, sah; 'pears like turning up my toes before de mornin'."

"Come out of this to the fore-hatch. I have got some medicine for you."

Rufus staggered forward.

A tin dipper suspended by a lanyard was let down the butt for water.

"Strike a match, Rufus. I must have light to mix these powders. That's it. Hand me your sheath-knife to stir it up. Good. Now drink it like a man. Here is more to be taken during the night, and here is a bunch of Maryland grapes to help it down."

"That beats my time," said the old ferryman. "A white man physicking a nigger by match-light. Everybody else asleep. Nobody caring if the coon dies or keeps alive. Who is that fellow anyway, boys?"

"Dunno, unless he is the man that Dutch sailor was talking about. You mind how Dutchy spoke of a man picking him up in Hampton Roads, and taking him on up the James River to Richmond, and spending just all night talking to him, as he says, as no man ever yet talked. Be that as it may, Dutchy straightened up and shipped last week on a Nova Scotian barque for Liverpool, another kind of man to what he was when he deserted his ship in the Bermudas."

"You thinks that's the man?" said the interested ferryman.

"No doubt on't, in my mind. I seed him yesterday, talking to the two Scotch stokers as were discharged from the Lochinvar. They were squatted on their sea-bags in Water Street, when he comes along, and, taking a look at their Scotch caps, sits down between them and talks as I suppose he talked to Dutchy, for both of them looked kinder shamefaced and sorry; and when he gets up and goes on, they just shouldered their bags, and walked straight back to the old Lochinvar. Guess their mothers will have something to say about him some day. Who hears tell nowadays of fellows like him on the lookout for such men as Dutchy and the Scotch boys—picking them up just where he finds them, and putting them on their pins for a new start in life? It's out of my reckoning. Folks ain't running round nowadays looking for such jobs as other men turn up their noses at, with nary a red cent for pay, and no reward as I sees in this world. Here's three cases to my knowledge, winding up with a sick nigger on a lumber schooner."

"Is he mate, missionary, doctor, or what?" said the old man of the ferry.

"Dunno, sir, and I guess, so far as this crowd goes, Nobody knows."

The captain of the schooner came on deck in his flannels, took a turn round the fore-hatch, a sup of water from the butt, and went below. All was still.

* * * * *

Where next, what next, in this strange, eventful life? We do not know. One thing sure : so far as we can judge, it will be, as the steward of the emigrant ship tersely put it to the purser, "A kind o' private boat, sir, cruising around in a squall, and picking up such poor devils as fall overboard and can't swim."

APPENDIX.

A BUNCH OF KEYS.

IN looking over some old papers of the Unknown's, we have come across a note-book, the worse for wear, and with weather-stains on its crumpled leaves. Possibly sea-water, possibly snow. We know not. It is full of terse and trite condensations of convictions and wisdom. We have made a selection of such as are legible, and give them to the reader as being possibly explanatory of his humble consecration to truth and humanity.

DUTY BEFORE DOLLARS.

Do good wherever you can. No matter where, no matter who. Wherever it is dark, light a candle. Whoever needs a lift, give him your hand.

Sympathy needs never to freeze. The only moral arctics are in selfishness. No soul, no sun.

Look for something to love, and you will see less to hate.

Cake has more salt than plums, when a hungry man is living next door.

It is better to feed an orphan than to banquet a duke.

Pity without help is a man without arms, asking a drowning man to come out of a pond.

"Thank you" is a sleeping Mozart.

Vanity in benevolence is selfishness in disguise.

The best way to do good is to take care that the good is more prominent than the doer. The pump-handle is always of less importance than the water.

In human suffering the pain is more than the plaster. The evil in modern mercy is in making more of the salve than the sore.

In the tear of sorrow we see the face of a mercy.

Charity is in the heart, help is in the dollar.

"I did it" is the camel that cannot crowd in Heaven's gate.

Happiness, like grain, is best when scattered. It comes back sixty kernels to a stalk.

To find a brother, look under a hat and not in a pocket.

There is more in the fingers of a kind hand than in the sceptre of a Czar.

The deepest cellar has an entry, if you will go under the sills to find it.

The gold no thief can steal is what we give to God and Lazarus.

Subscriptions to charities are not tickets for Heaven.

Look in a man for what he might be, and you will have more pity than contempt for what he is.

A dollar found in the mud pays for the washing.

A tear of sympathy in a man's eye discounts a diamond stud in his shirt.

Charity is in the motive, not in the act.

A right spirit and a widow's mite places the shekel of the Pharisee below the copper farthing.

Contributions are not consecrations; if they were, half the world would have a ticket for Heaven. As it is, hell has a large population of men and women, who gave a dollar to God, and their lives to the devil.

Ambition for distinction is not a virtue, but a vice. It is a falsity that places heroes and great men on such a basis. We are great, not in being an inch taller than our neighbor, but in being equal to his needs.

Where is the difference between selling a vote

for a greenback, and selling a dollar's worth of benevolence for a personal puff?

Take vanity out of our charities and what would the total be?

The pleasure in doing good is more than all it costs.

The man that has wiped wet eyes, moistened parched tongues, put a new star in the sky of a dark life, added beauty and bloom, the song of birds, and the blossom of flowers, to the lot of another, is—whether he be poor or rich, known or unknown, with a ring on his finger or a big wart—one of God's nobility.

Dives was liberal, but in the wrong direction. It was a forgotten Lazarus, that fixed his status at the bar of God, and in the society of the bottomless pit.

Actions count where arguments fail.

Syllogisms may be cobwebs, facts are stone walls.

Monday's goodness is more than Sunday's chimes.

The eloquence of a good life leaves the orator behind.

What is done, is the tape-line that measures the waist of a sermon.

It is easier to talk by the ton than to act by the ounce.

Christianity is not a matter of orthodoxy, a church-organ, a quarterly ticket, or a signature to a creed, but a principle of love, that has Abraham's bosom for a Lazarus, and a shepherd in the brambles for lost lambs.

Five thousand dollars for a diamond cross, Mexican opals, and Persian turquoises, is a satire on the church that buys sapphires at Tiffany's, withdraws a missionary from the Congo, and permits a member of the same communion to die on the straw pallet of a poor-house.

To live in luxury and pride with a codicil in your will for a charity, payable at death, is the modern method of getting trustees in place of a priest, to say masses for a dead sinner.

Signing your name to a creed does not establish it as a truth, nor yourself as a believer.

The New Testament is communal. It teaches the duty of work, forbids profligate luxury, makes no artificial distinctions in society, is the counterpoise of aristocracy, and would be the end of pauperism, war, and dudes, both male and female, if so taught and so accepted.

As between Christ and Marx, the one purifies

society from within, the other paints the old skin.

Paul making tents, Peter peddling fish, Simon tanning leather, Williams building boats, Moffat welding iron, Florence Nightingale spreading plasters, Tolstoi making shoes—places labor on the Christian pedestal, and associates its best types of men and women with the humblest avocations.

To see a bishop sawing wood and asking a penitent tramp to dinner, eating with Zaccheus, and sharing broiled fish with boatmen, would, perhaps, be a novelty, but it would not be a mile away from a place called Nazareth, and One worshipped as the Christ. The Church must come to that, or go to Tophet.

Labor is not misfortune nor capital a crime, save when it puts beef on one man's plate, and leaves but a cold potato for another.

Earning a loaf is the best butter you can spread on it.

Luxury is a sin so long as hunger is a fact.

Money sets fire to straw men.

A lazy man is incurable except by hunger and a sharp frost.

Crime is reducible by perspiration.

Pickpockets are not generally hod-carriers.

Confidence-men prefer a dry shirt and a stolen quarter to the handles of a wheelbarrow.

Twenty-dollar style on a ten-dollar basis makes the pawnbroker rich and the wage-worker poor, brings the sheriff on a farm, and takes pride to the poor-house.

Teach the masses that the dignity of labor is not what it fetches in the market, but what it develops in the man.

The man who is ashamed of carrying a buck-saw always despises the man that uses it.

Teach your boy that duty ennobles a wood-pile, and he will never be a demagogue nor an oppressor.

Poverty is inconvenient when your shoes are thin, but a positive good when it keeps a man from delirium tremens.

The salvation of labor is not twenty dollars a week and a top-buggy on Sundays, but in such virtues as are sound on ten dollars, and would not spoil on a hundred.

Social heavens based on economics are a fraud.

Human nature has enough of garlic in the churn to taint the cream of Canaan cows.

A yard of broadcloth can cover the devil.

In poverty's pantry, sometimes the cakes of Heaven.

Whitewash in a dirty chamber and a draining-tile under the sills, are the best prayers for the cure of a fever.

We are not in the stream to soak, but to swim.

Pride is a shoe with high heels—good for mud, but bad for corns.

Men have bodies as well as souls. Sometimes a loaf of bread and a bar of soap will help the one and save the other.

The Brotherhood of Man is a staple cry with the politician—the theme of the demagogue and the glory of the Church. But when it is a Mongolian without a vote, the politician shuns him. A shoemaker without a nickel, the demagogue forgets him; a poor sinner with neither shoes nor character, the Church leaves him next the door.

The art of doing nothing is sister to the art of spending more than we earn. Artistic twins suckling civilization.

Generosity is wealth-producing. From open sacks the seed of harvests. In tied bags, big syndicates and little loaves.

Man may be a saint in the skin and *vice versa* in the bone.

Fear God and honor your shoemaker, and One will give you peace, the other good shoes.

Labor is not cursed so much by how we pay it as it is by how we feel about it.

As is the tint on a rose and the bloom on a child's cheek, so is human love of its kind, and no man with his heart in the right place but is gentle and lovable wherever you place him.

That man knows most of God that does His will. Greek verbs may be familiar to spiritual fools.

Do not cease to be kind because of ingratitude. Suns shine, though blind men never see ; streams flow in spite of tadpoles ; the skylark sings, though no one hears ; and when we cease to be what we ought to be, because others are not all they might be, we are fools and failures.

THE MARCH AND THE MISSION OF LIFE.

The march of life, the pilgrim tread,
The ways we choose to take,
Are resonant with what we do,
The echoes ever false or true,
Such as our deeds awake.

Surroundings ! but the hue of sky
Around a star or sun,
And light of it—the living thought
From which the future day is brought,
Or fires of night begun.

And birth, and race, and tint of skin
But leaves that fall away,
From grapes that may be ripened yet
In brighter suns that never set
In Heaven's summer day.

Nor palace, tent, nor wattled hut
Can shrink or size the man,
If white in soul, in conscience clear,
A pearl of God on mortal sphere,
Beyond all price or ban.

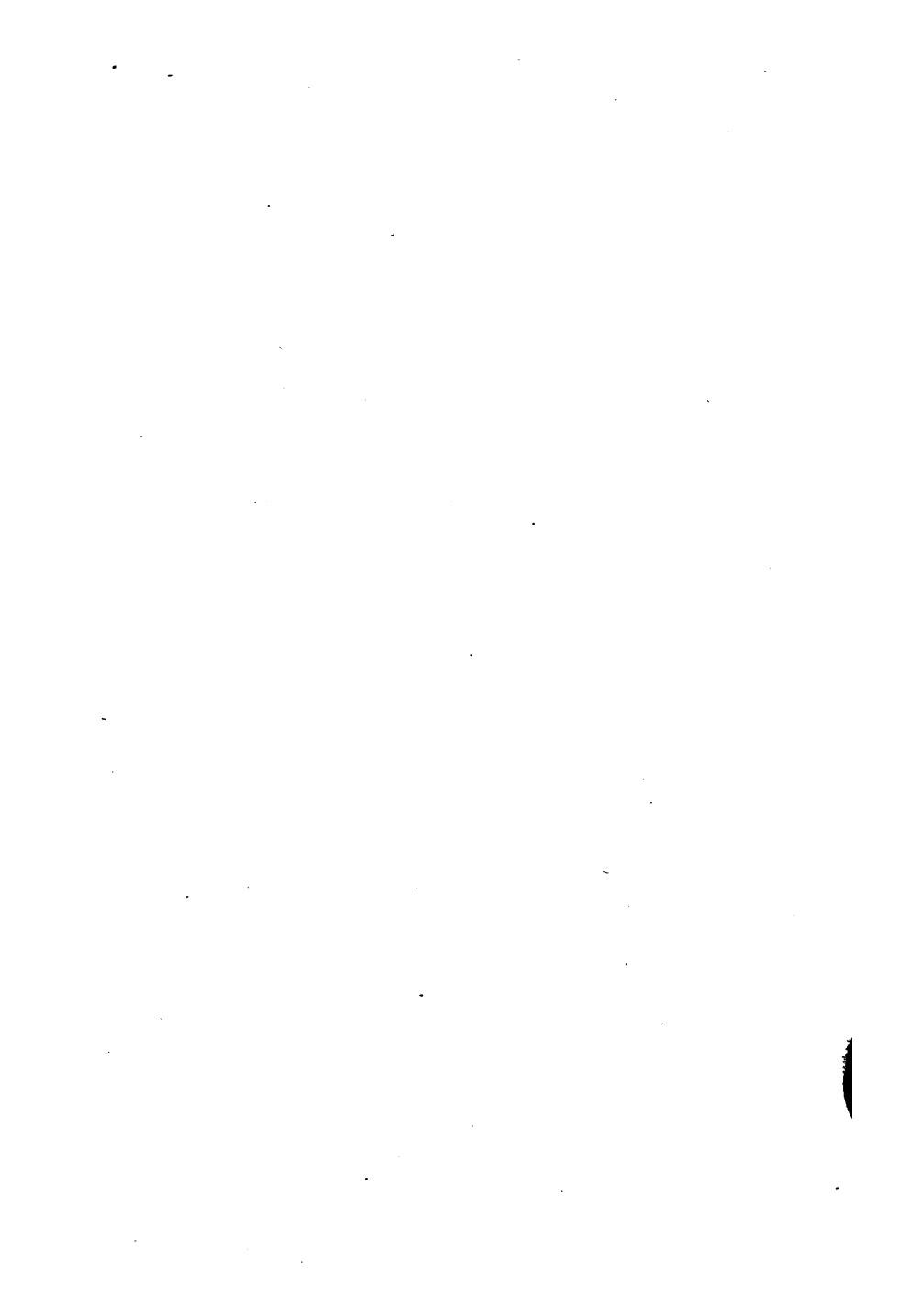
Nor blaze of gold, nor blackened crust,
Nor stain of labor grim,
Can change to high or lower key
The melody and majesty
Of life's unending hymn.

Nor praise of man, nor mortal hate,
Nor damps of human scorn,
Can blanch the fire of single star
That heralds o'er the eastern bar
The sure approach of morn !

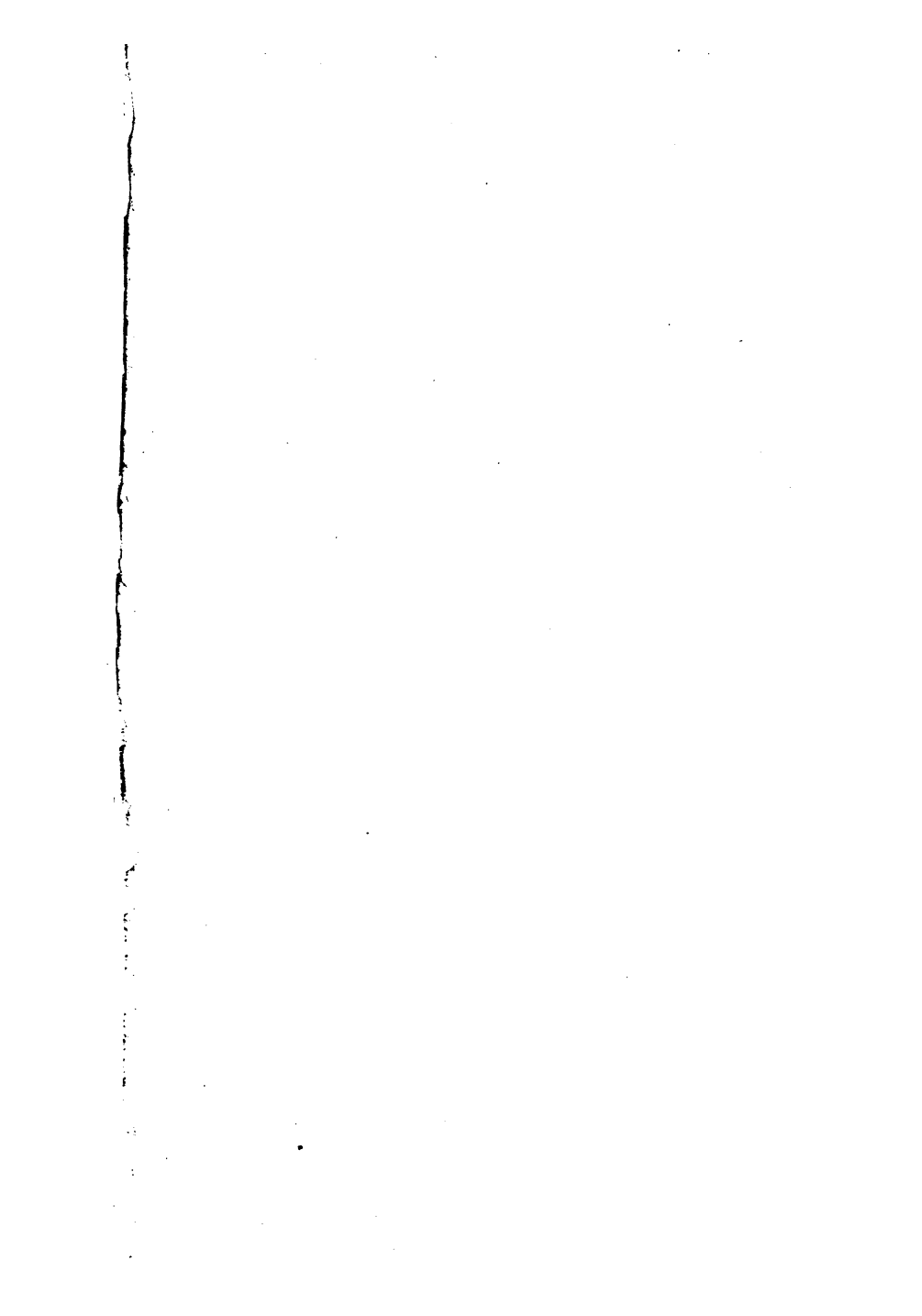
If God is served and duty done
On dust-heap or on throne,

The rags or gems are in our deeds,
For not by calendars nor creeds.
The sons of God go home.

Nor miles nor years our feet have trod,
Nor all our eyes have seen,
Can pass a soul within the gate,
Where hinges our eternal fate
On what the life has been.









42
25



